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OCTOBER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ALBERT PUTLIFF.

Now the middle autumn days,
Neath a blue luxurious sky,
Over woods and travelled ways,
With their golden glories lie.

Now the oak that stands afield,
Royal on a dais brown,
Shows its kingly purple shield
Like the jewels of a crown.

In the late September rains
Dark the night and dim the day,
Rings of mist shut in the plains,
And the dawns were sad and gray.

But the sunlight drove the shades
Over hill and over stream,
Far into the stillest glades,
Where the owlets dream and dream.

Where the blue sky steepeth down,
It hath won a golden edge,
O'er the corn-fields square and brown,
With their lines of crimson hedge.

Plainly heard the pheasant's drum
Falleth through the air of morn;
Birthing all the echoes dumb
Pipes the quail beyond the corn.

Silent doth the river run,
Lapsing to the silent sea,
Through the shadows, through the sun,
Neither sadly nor in glee.

Past the inlets, past the bays,
Dreaming in and out at coves;
Silver in the meadow ways;
Golden underneath the groves.

Children whom no sorrow grieves,
Loiter on the way to school,
Watching how the crimson leaves
Flutter down into the pool.

Everything the softer seems;
Gentler doth the worldling speak,
Tarrying in the land of dreams
With glad eye and flushing cheek.

And the matron for in years
Moveth with a graver grace,
All her by-gone hopes and fears
Grouped and shadowed in her face.

Oh, ye days, I may not speak
All your teachings unto me;
Ye are balm to hearts that break,
Oil unto the troubled sea.

I am gliding down the stream;
Ye are ranged on either side;
Can I pause awhile to dream?
Nay! I cannot stem the tide!

For I hear a noise of pain,
Roar of winds and rush of waves,
Dashing o'er a sea of storms,
Beating on a shore of graves.

La Harpe, Ill., Oct. 15.

Pictures of Life.

AN

EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT.

(CONCLUDED.)

PREPARED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Some few days afterwards I met Barr in the st. He sprang towards me.

"I have seen her, Seymour! I have seen her! know her, do you not?"

With a sudden uprising of the same painful pangs in my breast, I answered reluctantly in affirmative, for I knew to whom he referred. he added, with an intense and indescribable ness of tone and manner—

"met her in the street yesterday. But I had so instantaneous a glimpse, that I should not known her if I had not studied the picture eil! I *must* know her! Why did you not me? You will take me *to* her, will you not? ot believed that she lived! Oh, it would worth years only to see such beauty for a "

s face flushed with his ardent imaginings; eautiful eyes shone and sparkled; his whole e thrilled with passion. But as for me, I ared with embarrassment which I could not eal, that, of course, the lady's consent must e had. Barr saw my emotion, and seemed divine its cause; for, instantaneously suppress- n, he said, carelessly—

Well, only let me visit her once. I not go again unless I am invited; for I have ther time nor wish for interference with the affairs of others. I would only not fail to he nature of a woman whom I olutely pure and noble. Once e I know whomsoever I see."

with a good grace refuse; and lingly consented, it was with du- that I told Eloisa of his wish. She, child, was delighted; and so, one plea- day, tow ds the evening, I brought him with me. I ched him narrowly; but whatever his thoughts may have been, he veiled them effectually with a demeanor faultlessly polite, and conversation more brilliant and entertaining than he had ever bestowed upon me. For a long time he was almost the only speaker; discussing, in answer to our occasional questions, scene after scene in his own roving and adventurous life, and filling in the sparkling web of his own humorous or shrewd remarks, with endless quotations or anecdotes, or delineations of character. At last, the conversation took a graver turn; the change being in the first instance, suggested by a piece painted by Eloisa, which hung upon the wall of the room.

have mentioned her gift in this Art; and this ture was both in design and execution perhaps orable specimen of her skill. It was an ean view. There was no land. The enormous ell that heaves itself up after long storms rolled the sea. A strong wind roughened the waves, and white foam edged all their curl- s. Driving clouds swept low along the heavy gray clouds that told of a coming the quick successor of that just past. One haft of sunlight fell through a great rift rain-clouds, and shone upon the seething, ater, close in the foreground, shining far its blue depths, and lighting its cold and surface with a wan and transitory smile. he transparent sea-water rose strongly up; the thick atmosphere veiled the dim distance; the wet clouds, the wild wind, the driven foam, the broad, bright sunbeam, all were well and masterly done. But these were only the accessories to the story which the picture told—a sad story, that might sink the heart in sorrowful dreams—for Eloisa's pictures were ever of that kind in which my special delight has been—pictures which spoke some word—sad or joyous—to the heart of the beholder; and were the seeds of many thoughts. Close in the foreground, then, in the midst of the bright sunlit space, upon the slanting surface of a broad wave, there swam the head of a lower mast of a large vessel; the head, yet retaining the top, topmast cap, and a portion of the topmast itself; waterworn, soaked, hung here and there with a remnant of sea-rotted shroud, or the dead-eye to which it had been attached; smoothed over at its broken ends by the long restless washing of the sea, a little bedecked with a trailing ocean-weed or two, a few barnacles—melancholy ornaments, testimonies of the long regards of the sea-nymphs. And upon the hither side of this sad, wandering relic, was yet a sadder sight. For there was bound fast thereto, by tangled cordage, and even by a handkerchief, yet fluttering a little in the sharp, fresh wind, a dreary thing; the index of untold lonely misery, and of distant miseries sadly enchained thereto; namely, the few remaining bones of the skeleton of a man—fleshless, headless—only a spine, ribs, one arm. A man, lost unknown at sea; dying alone upon the waves; suffering alone the slow horrors of approaching death. That was the story which the picture told; and in reading it, what an endless appendix of sorrow was evolved therewith! For, to the solitary agony of the sea, must be added the longer, slower, more eating sorrows of far off friends, before the story of the picture is complete; and the fierce and crowded agonies of the shipwreck or the sudden sinking.

A dreary, though powerful picture it was; one which I think pained me more than it pleased me. Barr, attracted by the free, bold, and truthful execution, arose, and would have looked attentively at it. But no sooner had he seen the whitened ghastly bones, than a shudder came over him, and he sat down again, looking away from the picture.

"Is it possible," he said, "Miss Dering, that you painted so powerful and so horrible a picture as that?"

ELOISA. "I certainly did. Why not?"

BARR. "It contains a suggestion of Death, and a suggestion of Pain—two things of which I can neither endure the last, nor the thought of the first."

ELOISA. "There is a constitutional fear of those things with many people. As for me, I have all the woman's power of still endurance; and Death I believe to be the Door of Life."

BARR. "Even your mention of the word thrills me. But I can endure enough to talk, even upon this most fearful of all subjects."

ELOISA. "I do not understand how you, a man of culture, observation, and development, can fall of the philosophical acquiescence in, and unfearing waiting for Death, even if the religious view be entirely omitted."

BARR. "Most naturally. Naturally for me, at least; I feel that my business is with Life, with living Beauty, with vivid Power; with the tangible, the real. And how can I but feel a horror at the thought which must remove me from them?"

ELOISA. "But is it not the very noblest and sweetest hope of all, which you are wholly omitting, that we shall in that next Life see and know of all that *is* Real? all that is good, and noble, and beautiful—that we shall possess the very secret and essence of all power?"

BARR. "In that way many have spoken to me. But, as for me, I feel a profound inward conviction that what is called Death is to be the end of me. And the speech of what comes after it glides past me without force. I see no reason in it. I seem to have no faculty for the perception of that doctrine."

ELOISA. "But if that is your belief, in what an agony must you live, striving to fill into your few years their very uttermost of action and of enjoyment!"

BARR. "I do, I do. And you can imagine what an injury it seems to be, or at least, what an irrecoverable, sorrowful loss, when I am shut off from any action or enjoyment!"

ELOISA. "Yes. But tell me what is it that you seek in Life?"

BARR. "Power! power! Let me wield myself; let me control others; let me use the visible and invisible forces which are accessible, or should be, and even into a short life I can crowd more of action, and of accomplishment, and of enjoyment, than many persons can even comprehend!"

MYSELF. "But it seems to me to follow that unless you have succeeded in selecting something desirable to you, and at the same time indifferent to all besides, you must continually come into rude conflict with individuals, with masses of men, with the race at large. And you know what verdict you and I returned against the Public!"

BARR. "A tyrant—and a beast. Yes."

MYSELF. "Exactly. And for my part, it seems to me that I should find my delight in developing whatever of Power I have, in safe solitude. I would avoid the haunts of the tyrannical Beast; and so escape collision or disappointment."

ELOISA. "I would not. I would go amongst the world, in the strength which The Divine Right gives us. And going with a good purpose, I should surely conquer the Beast, as you call it; even if I were beaten down and slain by it. For Success and Victory do not necessarily happen during the Life of the Conqueror. Those are not the noblest triumphs in which the soldier himself goes boasting at the head of the show!"

BARR. "I do not understand such reasonings. My pleasure comes not only from accomplishing that to which my own single powers are equal, but in very great measure from controlling and directing others. For Man is the greatest of Powers; and in governing him, I use most power. I should lose the magnetism of the crowd if I should stay alone. I must be in the midst of men, or else I find not the object of my strongest desires. And further, I cannot see the truth of what Miss Dering says, of victories future and unseen. I must see my work. My dealings must be with embodied Life—with Form and Vision. I care for nothing but what I can see. I care for no future results. 'After me, the flood!' Only let my Life be used in that which shall be complete within the space of my Life, and I am content—as far as content is possible."

ELOISA. "Beauty is not necessarily within visible Form. Nor is the best of any result necessarily that which is visible to the worker. But however that may be, yet tell me what there is to stir up that unresting discontent in you, of which you speak, and which also seems to underlie all your words. For I cannot conceive of space for dissatisfaction in the mind of him who truly and nobly uses all of himself for the best purposes in the best way."

BARR. "Discontent! It seems to me to be a portion of the motive power of a man. If I were content I should fall asleep. What makes me discontented? Perhaps it is absurd for me to be confessing here. Yet you two understand what I say; and sympathy and understanding—or even either without the other—are sweet even to the most determined solitary. It is because I do not hold the power which I crave. My beliefs do not spread; I control no band of disciples. Audiences, and individuals, listen with admiration, if you please, but I do not hold them after the sound of my voice is dead. I do not give color or direction to a single Life except my own. I have no hold on men for any lasting purpose."

MYSELF. "Let me suggest that a reason for this was mentioned between us the other day. You acknowledged to believing one *thing* and advocating another. Does not that destroy your power? For all those who have wielded mankind have done it much more by the massive rock-fast force of their intense heroic Belief, and the unresting irresistible Will based thereon, than by any Beauty or Reason in thought or word. Unbelieving, you have no fulcrum for moving the world."

BARR. "But I have not yet found it possible to put faith in this tremendous sincerity of yours. Consider also my case; or that of any other man of ability. Let any such man display the highest reach of his thoughts—the most careful structure of his language before an audience. How many of them would he carry with him? Not one. And let any Belief whatever be new—only new, disregarding the quality of truth or error—and who of an audience will not repel it? I care not to conceal from you the dislike and contempt which I *must* feel for those amongst whom usually I work, for these reasons, and also by reason of the concealment itself. And therefore I use deceit and empty winds of rhetoric in my enterprises, that covertly I may impel men along paths which they would stolidly refuse to follow if they saw whither they were going."

This is the substance of a discussion which with repetition more or less varied was much longer. Herein it became singularly but clearly evident that of the considerations adduced by Eloisa and myself, Barr seemed to see significance and force in one portion, and none in another. The line which divided these two sets of reasons was that which separates the Seen from the Unseen; a criterion of Right from a criterion of mere visible Desirableness; the set of notions, causes and effects concerned exclusively with things pertaining to embodied Life, and this material world, and having their beginning and end therein on the one side; and on the other all the beliefs which take Eternity and Immortality among the postulates which base them. We restated and varied our reasonings in many ways, but it was to no purpose; no more than if we argued to a dog. For Barr evaded or ignored all those parts of the argument, and only repeated the deductions from his own intuitions, dreary and barren as they were, and from his acrid experiences among men. This singular but total incapacity—evidently unconscious, and perfectly defined in scope—first suggested to my mind a strange and horrible suspicion which has there remained ever since, and which after occurrences strengthened; although it is so painful a belief that I will not absolutely admit that I believed it.

Before entering upon the distressing remainder of this account, it is necessary to remind the reader that the agencies therein mainly concerned were at the time—ten years ago, and more at this present writing—very little known; neither their pretended nor their actual scope, their incidental dangers or possible perversions, being understood by any one this side the Atlantic; and any glimpses of them were yet confined to a narrow circle of men, usually of character obscure if not positively disreputable, who commonly made use of them with views either vicious or unscrupulously selfish. If it had been otherwise there would have been little danger of my treading the short but painful road through which I was now to go. Better information would have enabled me to shun its dangers, even if a thirst as irresistible as my own, after knowledge so new, mysterious and remote, had led me into it.

I have referred to the fineness and delicacy of my physical constitution. Whether Barr had at first sight of me observed this characteristic, and had from that day forth meditated any advantage from it, or whether his purpose was of later origin, suggested to him, that is, only after his interview with Eloisa, such as might be connected with his passionate avowals at the uncovering of her picture, I cannot say. I have often imagined that his conduct implied a scheme covering a considerable time. If it was not so, circumstances assisted him. Those circumstances may be thus described: First, the great delight which I found in his company, from the inexhaustible freshness and piquancy of his conversation; qualities the more acutely enjoyable by me, by reason of their entire novelty. Second, the sort of confidence which his free and open mode of talking caused me to feel in his general fairness of intention and conduct. Although, as we progressed, he revealed to me more and more of a course of life utterly at variance with my ideas of purity or right, yet this was done with such unostentatious unconsciousness, that I never thought of any present under-current of the like evil design. And, third, the very keen and profound interest which he at last contrived to excite—at any rate *did* excite—in me, in the class of phenomena, and the philosophy thereto appertaining, of which I have spoken.

Not, however, to risk injustice by unfounded insinuations, let me proceed with my statement. The revelations which Barr had made to me, as just mentioned, of the vicious—to me frightfully, unutterably abominable—courses which seemed to have been his natural or long-adopted choice, and of which I shall add no account to the few dim hints already recorded in these pages, except to say that they implied total disregard of all law, human or divine, and absolute blind bondage to his own passion or interest—these revelations rendered me disinclined to his further intercourse with Eloisa; and although I said nothing to her of this knowledge, yet she seemed satisfied with her single interview. Neither did Barr on his part venture more than one or two hints towards a continuation of his intercourse with her; which not being regarded by me, Eloisa was for a time no more mentioned between us.

Perhaps this same information of Barr's antecedent life ought also to have availed to part me from him; yet I was strong in conscious purity against any ill influences, especially from wickedness so great and unblushing; and I trusted that I might take the benefit of intercourse and investigation without harm from the contact. Had it not been for the absolute value of the knowledge, that information would certainly so have availed.

It was, as the reader has doubtless already concluded, to phenomena then collectively known by the name of Mesmerism that Barr led my attention; if indeed I did not first volunteer inquiries concerning it. As I have said, this range of phenomena and the discussions and experiments directly and collaterally relating thereto were with him favorite and effective subjects for lectures; in the course of which he used to exhibit many of those unaccountable operations yet common upon "clairvoyants" and "sensitives," by handling the mental or spiritual organism of the former, and by operating upon the will of the latter.

Although I of course attended none of these public performances, yet I heard from Barr many extraordinary and deeply interesting narratives of his experiments and discoveries in this weird and mysterious region of investigation. It was in a gradual and entirely unsuspicious manner that he so framed his explanations and accounts as to cause me of my own motion to arrive at the conclusion that I was physically so constituted as to be peculiarly capable of becoming a "clairvoyant." This suggestion he received as if it had been quite overlooked by him, and after short consideration seemed to be much struck with it. Then he observed that further reflection even rendered him desirous of experimenting with me in that manner; insomuch as the union in me of physical aptitude with intellectual training rendered me very far superior to any subject heretofore accessible by him.

It was at this point, upon occasion of a cautionary preliminary inquiry by me, that Barr deluded me by sheer falsehood. I asked apprehensively after the nature of the influence as between the parties concerned in the clairvoyance process; stating strongly and plainly my personal sensitiveness to control; and referring to the helplessness of the subject while under the operator's hands. In reply, Barr candidly admitted the necessity of confidence in the operator for the time being; but showed so clearly the absolute necessity of fairness on his part for his own sake, and so naturally and absolutely, and with such satisfactory elucidations and reasons, denied the possibility of there being any remainder of influence operative during the time not used in the process, that I was put completely at my ease. For the brief duration of the experiments themselves, I was under no apprehensions; as any injury to me would of course redound to Barr's immediate damage, even if I could have suspected him of it.

Under these circumstances I at last submitted to Barr's manipulations; and even so quickly as after one or two sittings, owing to my peculiar sensitiveness, he commenced with me a course of experiments of a nature to me then altogether unheard of for strange and wild investigation and discovery. The proceedings at these sittings were taken down in writing either by Barr himself or by an assistant; but whatever their novel wondrousness at that time, so many phenomena of the like nature have since been recorded that I need not give any details of them. Suffice it to say that under Barr's hands, we supposed—with what certain accuracy I do not pretend to judge, but certainly *to our own conviction*—that I explored very many secrets of organized and unorganized existence, made definite advances in the investigation of the physical problem of Animal Life, and indeed seemed to have opened up a whole new world of scientific discovery. Our mutual pleasure in this success was very great; mine, in the contemplation and examination of the knowledge so strangely gained, and his in the same, and in the acquisition of so competent an assistant in the pursuit so especially delightful to him.

From time to time I informed Eloisa of our doings; and with some little difficulty quieted her first instinctive apprehensions for the consequences of this seemingly unnatural and—so she fancied—unhallowed modern sorcery. By degrees, however, her interest in the successive experiments grew to equal my own; and with eager pleasure she heard, day after day, the new questions and answers with which our work proceeded. After some hesitation, she one day consented to witness one of the sittings; and afterwards became a frequent spectator of them.

Whether I was now already unconsciously well involved within the toils of my temporary master, so that the suggestion which is the next incident to my story is to be considered as coming from him, I cannot say. Perhaps it was the exclusive result of my own folly. But so it was, that one day I proposed to Eloisa that, in my presence, she should in her turn consent to make experiment of her clairvoyant capacity. She was at first disinclined to the trial. Having once conceived the plan, however, I urged it; representing the wonderful nature of the results already achieved, the incalculable value of further progress in the directions already taken; that my presence would guarantee security to her; and especially that the surpassing delicacy and purity of her organization, intensified beyond that of my own, by virtue of her proper feminine fineness of corporeal texture, over and above any gifts peculiar to her individual self, gave promise of insight far exceeding that already attained, for clearness and splendor. And so, in an evil hour, she consented; Barr, as may be imagined, making no objections.

We three, Barr, Eloisa and I, met by appointment in the same pleasant parlor where we had once before met for conversation. It was a clear, bright day: a day favorable for our design; and after some brief explanations and directions, Eloisa seated herself in an easy chair, and according to one of the common modes of procedure, Barr, seating himself before her, holding both her hands with a certain peculiar grasp, directed her to put herself into a state of mental passivity; to be willing to obey the influence which he should exert; and therewith, with his motionless, ever open eyes, he gazed steadily into hers. It was only a very short period before her eyes softly closed; and with a faint smile, as if resigning herself to a welcome sleep, her breathing became long, regular and easy. Barr quietly crossed her hands upon her lap; and having continued his gaze for a few minutes, made a few of the magnetic passes over her; and looking at me with a face of deep interest, remarked:

"The sleep has supervened in a time less by more than one half, than I ever know it to require before; and it is apparently already absolutely perfect. You were my best subject, Mr. Seymour; but she *is* as superior to you as you are to a log. I already see that."

He spoke with extreme calmness, for no agitation or excitement is permissible on such an occasion; and yet there was an indefinable but easily comprehended intensity of delight in his manner; in which I partially sympathized. He then proceeded, with slow, deliberate gesture, to make further passes; and had done so not many times, when he paused and asked her, in a distinct and somewhat imperative voice, whether she were yet fully within the magnetic influence?

The answer was a negative, given in the slow, difficult and hesitant manner which, as I had been told, was that of all my own articulations while in the magnetic sleep; so that Eloisa had, within a few minutes, passed as far within the mysterious realms of this spiritual world, as to the farthest distance at which repeated and numerous trials seemed to indicate the limit of my own clairvoyant powers. If, therefore, she should overpass this limit, she would be voyaging within regions totally unknown, either directly or indirectly, both to Barr and to myself. I think that this thrilling consideration occurred to us nearly simultaneously. For at her answer, unexpectedly given, we looked with mutual surprise at each other; and I inquired whether it were Barr's intention to make the present sleep as perfect as possible? He answered yes; for that the power of recall must be as certain as that of induction, whatever might be the point of clairvoyant attainment; and that consequently there was no risk. And in profound silence he resumed the passes. Repeating his inquiry within a few moments, it was answered, as before, in the negative, but this time with a freer and easier utterance, such as apparently indicated the more full and complete entrance of the speaker within the new sphere of being.

The interest of the experiment became absorbing. There was no apparent change in the physical condition of the subject, unless perhaps a slightly easier respiration. But it was with an excitement painfully intense that from moment to moment I awaited the questions and answers which, as I now trusted, were to reveal secrets yet more deep and distant than any even of those startling ones with which I had of late had so much to do.

Who could have anticipated the result? It was not more than three minutes after this last inquiry of Barr, that Eloisa must have passed onward, to the full extent of whatever power she possessed, into the cognizances and relations of her new condition. But it was by a most startling indication—if such it were—of the fullness of the attainment, that we had notice of it. While Barr's hand was yet over her, we beheld an apparent but indescribable change come quickly and steadily over her features. This was complete before the gesture was finished. Then her face assumed another expression; an expression that caused Barr, in astonishment, to stay his hand; and that, for the moment, filled me with dreadful fear lest she were dying. It was an expression of such profound anguish as I never saw upon any other mortal face. Then there mingled with it intense abhorrence, and no small portion of fear. And without warning or sound, Eloisa arose from the place of her slumber, and stood upright before us. Then her lips moved for a moment, and at last she spake. But it was in tones of agonized horror. She cried out, stretching forth both her hands with wistful, frightened eagerness, extending them towards Barr, as if to put him from her:

"Oh, how dreadful! Let him depart! *He is a beast!* HE HAS NO SOUL!"

And in terrific agitation she fell back into the chair.

"Reverse the passes!" I cried; "reverse the passes! Awaken her, and quickly!"

I spoke loudly and hastily; the occasion was not one for soft speech. Barr, delaying only to cast upon me a single rapid glance—in which, however, I detected pain and wrath, fierce though repressed, addressed himself promptly to the purpose, and speedily freed Eloisa from a condition in which she had seen and told such fearful dreams. She unclosed her eyes; saw Barr yet sitting before her; shuddering, she shut them again, with a low groan; would have risen, but from weakness or excitement, could not; and tears fell down her pale cheeks, from beneath the fair closed eyelids. Recovering herself, however, a little, and with difficulty and extreme embarrassment excusing herself to Barr, she requested my aid, and trembling and leaning upon me, she left the room. I assisted her to the door of her own chamber, and returned; for she declined to allow me to send any one to her, saying that her only need was sleep. So I departed with Barr.

It may easily be imagined that I was not in haste to express fully to him my sentiments upon this extraordinary phenomenon. My solution is this: that Eloisa, being so fit a subject, passed into *and through* that phase of the magnetic sleep during which the subject is in effect only a passive instrument in the hands of the operator; and had come out into a further and higher somnambulic, or perhaps I might say auto-magnetic condition, in which her perceptions and actions were now not under his control, even though he might be the necessary means of a recall to the normal state. Eloisa's belief I never knew; for when, next day, I would have questioned her on the subject, she gave me to understand (which is, by the way, an additional indication of the independent state at which I suppose her to have arrived,) that she fully remembered—even with a fearful and painful vividness—the condition into which she had risen under the hands of the magnetizer, and what she had seen therein; that the words she had uttered were the involuntary expression of her agonizing recoil from a situation beyond conception horrible and perilous; but that the subject was inexpressibly and unendurably painful; and she prayed me never, by word or action, to recall it, however remotely. Would that I could have complied, as in truth I fully intended, with this request!

Upon leaving Eloisa in company with Barr, after the unforeseen conclusion of our ill-omened experiment, we walked silently to his door, each absorbed in thought; and without entering, I then left him. Next day, I was, by appointment, to meet him for the prosecution of those experiments which we had been pursuing together; but I of course at once determined that I would forthwith excuse myself, and would see him no more. Eloisa's wish would have been reason enough; but even this was reinforced by a secret belief—or rather irresistible persuasion which only unwillingness prevented me from calling belief—in the literal truth of the strange revelation made by Eloisa in the trance. And, the more diligently I retraced in my mind my various conversations with Barr, the stronger stood out that line of distinction which I formerly stated as existing between the things which he comprehended and those which he did not, the blacker and more profoundly animalized his life appeared to have been; in short, the result of my examination of my whole intercourse with him was, this persuasion that I had evidence of the existence of a being endowed with passion, propensity and intellect; but absolutely without a Soul! I had seen many and singularly powerful theological arguments for the doctrine of the final annihilation of the wicked; in some of which it was attempted to deduce this result by necessity from the natural evolution of the influence of wickedness, first blunting and narrowing, gradually weakening and curtailing, and at last absolutely destroying the vitality of that Essence which was created to be Eternal. But in this case this frightful fate would seem to have overtaken its victim while yet alive.

With the purpose of discontinuing my intercourse with Barr, I proceeded to his room, and finding him at home, I made the necessary excuses, which he received at first in a somewhat ungracious or reluctantly acquiescent manner; saying only,

"Very well; it is the old story. But I have not lived alone so long that I cannot continue it."

Then suddenly his handsome face flushed deeply; and he resumed, passionately,

"I see how it is! You intend that I shall not see *her* again. Young man," he continued, while he now fairly trembled with the excess of hot anger, "shall a boy like you foil a man like me? Did not the picture tell me? Is she not the one woman of all the world? And do you know that between her and me, you cannot come? That as it respects us, you are helpless!"

"I surely intend it," I replied, "and so does she. And your anger and threatening are misplaced."

With a bitter and cunning smile, he looked upon me; looked down for some few seconds; raised his face again—now discharged of all expression except of concentrated intense resolve. He gazed steadily at me. He lifted his finger in a manner of command, and he said,

"Stand still! Now, if you can, go!"

I remember how my will glided away at his look and gesture; how of my conscious being nothing was left except a dim perception of my place, of him, of utter stillness. No emotion; neither fear nor anger; only a vacant, moveless, inert half-life. There was not even an intelligent perception of the restraint. How long he held me in that unhallowed fetter, I know not; but he said at last,

"There! you can go!"

And I was free again—at least for the moment. Barr looked upon me with a countenance of such grim and hideous exultation as changed him suddenly into a triumphing fiend.

"There!" he cried. "Do you understand? Did you suppose that having been so long beneath the shadow of my strength, you would not pass into the higher degree of sensitiveness to me? Helpless, I said!" and he laughed aloud—"helpless, young man! And beware"—his features grew dark and savage—"beware how you come between me and my success! Remember!"

I had stood, absolutely stupified, in the whirl of unutterable passions. He opened the door. Without word or look in reply—for a tremendous and overshadowing fear was upon me—I passed out, and departed from that accursed haunt, never to return. Scarcely conscious, I returned home; where I remained in solitary, terrified misery, all the day.

What an abominable nightmare was this! I half believed it a frightened dream. Helpless, helpless! The fiendish triumph of the word ever sounded in my ear. This was the influence of which he had boasted, then? I had proof enough, indeed, of the accuracy with which he had spoken of wielding other persons by a force which should bear the will, along with the whole remainder of their being, upon an irresistible tide of power! And here was I, to whom the very shadow of any constraint was such a stinging and unendurable infliction, bound in invisible diabolical fetters of limitless stringency, by the hand of one whose personality was rapidly, in my appalled mind, assuming lineaments of Satanic fearfulness! A wild and foolish bankering after science, forsooth, had betrayed me into this demon's hands! What folly! For I had heard of Barr's serving others in like manner, before audiences; and it now seemed to me unaccountable that I should not have apprehended the same. He had deliberately lied to me, evidently, in denying the very possibility of this precise liability which now he had so devilishly been using. And in wrath and fright, a horrible mingling of them, I passed hours—almost of insanity.

This was Saturday. The next day, in the

afternoon, I went to see Eloisa. I was ill; for my physical frame was not capable of sustaining such painful grief. And I was still in profound depression. How much therefore of new sorrow was superadded to my own, may perhaps be imagined, when Eloisa hastened to inform me that during the forenoon service, a strange and sudden sensation had attacked her; that she felt her power of will to be leaving her; that the nature of the feeling reminding her of her late magnetic experience, she at once divined that Barr must be near her, and that she must be within the sphere of the outflow of the horrible power which he exerted; that the exquisite terror of the thought had seemed for the moment to lift her down by an painful an aid, above the assaulting influence; and that a dead faint, in which she was carried home, had saved her for the time.

It was with tears, and pale cheeks, and trembling, that this tale was told; with unutterable reduplications of horror and bewilderment that it was heard. What could this wretch mean? It was well known enough to me, although I would not tell her, that he sought to win her;—but how, or why, I did not know, or care to know—for there can be but little choice amongst the grips which a devil might lay upon me.

This, I say, was clearly enough his object; but for the extraordinary and horrible series of personal attacks, as it were, which he seemed to have commenced, and which it seems, he would follow up even within the house of God, must not common sense teach him that they must be simply frightful, and therefore directly to his disadvantage? Or did he think to overcome my resistance, and Eloisa's honor, even by the very agency of fright? Or did he propose to hold me at bay by that means, and was he merely trying the experiment with Eloisa, to see whether haply she might not respond, at last, to his wish? If he had known how complete was that intuition of her magnetic slumber, that knowledge might have deterred him. But undoubtedly he had no information of any case where either the subject saw, seen and thought independently of the operator, or where the experiences of the trance had remained impressed upon the waking memory; and he therefore probably considered her strange exclamation as a mere isolated and anomalous phenomenon, of no especial significance, either as it respected himself or his designs. And his colossal pride and confidence in his strange and unknown powers, corroborated by so much successful proof of them, was quite enough to account for the supposition of his undoubting belief that he could win Eloisa. It was however speedily determined between us, that upon the morrow an attempt should be made to break up the bonds of this hideous ambushment. I determined to apply to the authorities, to have Barr bound over to keep the peace; for I felt confident that I could by legal construction, make out a case of apprehended personal danger sufficient to justify the action of the magistrate.

In the meanwhile it drew towards evening; and as was often our habit at that hour, we went forth for a walk through the lanes and woods and meadows, that lay back of Eloisa's residence, which was a little without the borders of the city. Sometimes conversing, sometimes in silence, we wandered long, in the dying sunlight, or under the darkening shadow of the woods. Here and there I gathered from the roadside or from within the enclosures, one and another of the flowers that yet remained, the later offspring of the Summer. It was while a thick clump of bushes hid Eloisa for a moment from me, and while I collected certain graceful grasses from a small marshy hollow, that I heard her utter a low cry of alarm. Dropping the handful of flowers and grass, but retaining the sword-cane which I was accustomed to carry, I sprang hastily back towards the road. As I reached the fence, I saw a man, his back towards me, holding Eloisa in his arms. I leaped over, the bared blade in my hand, crying out, "Hands off, you scoundrel!" And as I spoke, by the tall, straight figure, square shoulders, and long, curling hair, I recognized Barr. At my voice he turned; and with what a visage did he for a moment look upon me! Such a tremendous revelation of bitter wrath and contemptuous malignant hatred was in his writhen features, as might at another time have appalled me. But Eloisa, apparently lifeless, yet lay in his arms, and so I stepped quickly forward, that I might lay hands upon him, and rescue her from his abominable touch. Even as I parted from the fence, he turned his face downward upon the ground at his feet.

Could I mistake the gesture? Instantaneously I comprehended it; instantaneously did my instinct, my reason, my passion, my fear, my anger, my hatred, in one great volcanic flame of defiance, fuse all my being into one hot and irresistible impulse; and as he would have lifted face and finger to repeat his damnable conjuration, I flung myself desperately upon him with a deep and bitter curse, and with my brain so boiling that I seemed blinded with blood. Through and through him went the cruel three-edged blade; even so that my very hand, with the furious strength and speed of the thrust, struck heavily against his breast; and he fell heavily backwards with one choking groan—and Eloisa fell also, clutched in the grasp of the dead.

I lifted her, with bloody hands. It was well that she was senseless; for she neither knew of the deed, nor that with bloody hands, and a visage all blood, and garments stained with the same, I lifted her, carried her home, and left her to the care of her frightened friends; to whom I gave a brief explanation that the blood was that of one whom I had wounded in defending her."

As for myself, I sped straight back again to the scene of the assault. Now that the first overpowering whirlwind of passion was past, I hastened to render any possible assistance to Barr. Under the chilly and wavering light of the early moon, I retraced my steps. Barr lay as he had fallen, on his back, apparently not having moved since he fell; and with an expression of awful horror upon his cold features—for he was quite dead. I gazed long upon him; not in remorse or terror; indeed with very little emotion; with a definite sense of relief and regained freedom; and even with a kind of strange curiosity. This want of feeling probably arose in part from the commencement of a reaction of physical fatigue, in part from the corresponding mental result of the long and severe tension of my mind, and partly from my reflective habits. Whatever the elements of my sensations at the time, however, there I stood, until I had long admired the noble physique of the corpse; and had even considered a question which occurred to me at the moment, whether the peculiarly frightful expression upon the dead face were entirely owing to the well known common effect of sword-wounds, or might not be considered as in part the effect of the instinctive horror at Death, of which he had spoken, and which as I gazed, seemed to connect itself with my half-belief in his absolute nonlicenses. It was not a strange horror to one who was utterly to die in the death of his body; and in such an one would naturally be intensified at the sudden and painful coming of that death.

At last I lifted the body to the side of the lonely path, and returned again to inquire after Eloisa. She had partly recovered from her fainting fit, and was asleep. I now went home, and related the events of the evening, as well as whatever else was requisite to the comprehension of them, to my parents. Then I cleaned myself from the evidences of my deed, and in company with my father, proceeded to the residence of an able lawyer, a personal friend of both of us, and made instant statement of the whole case to him.

His opinion, given after [illegible] consultation, was that to await the judicial action of the courts, would be running an extreme risk; in coming to which conclusion he founded especially upon the absence of any recognition by the law, or indeed by the mass of the community, of the very existence of the power whose exertions had occasioned the deed.

This opinion, together with my own apprehensions of restraint, which began renowedly to act upon me with an intensity almost morbid, determined me. Taking instant farewell of my family, with slender funds and baggage, I set off within one hour from that time; by morning reached a railroad-station, where I took passage for New York; there remained in careful hiding until by my father's skillful contrivance I was supplied with money; and then, with a heavy heart, yet heavier for the sad news that Eloisa had fallen into a dangerous illness, and for the consciouness that it would be the merest folly for me to run the risks of attempting to see her, I departed to Europe. I never saw her again.

* * * * * *

Such is my defence. I have introduced into it many details, for the sake of completing the portraitures which are necessary for its clearness; for it rests upon physical conditions and relations which I could not put in evidence before a legal tribunal. Having thus arranged it, I may compress it into two brief propositions, which will include the two points of proof toward which my testimony converges, to wit:

First: My alternative was, either to kill this man, or to submit myself, and a pure and noble woman, to practices unknown, for purposes which could not be good, and which only became possible by virtue of physical peculiarities which we could not avoid or change; unless indeed it were to be admitted that we might better have fled away from our homes!

Second: Which, however, is perhaps only a possibility; and I only suggest it—that *it was not a* MAN *that I killed.*

I know that I did right. Can any one deny it?

☞ Whoever moves you to part with a true and tried friend, has certainly a design to make way for a treacherous enemy.

☞ If you wish for care, perplexity and misery, be selfish in all things—this is the shortest road to trouble.

☞ The French Empress was out shooting recently in the St. Cloud Park; she bagged nine pheasants; her Majesty wore an amazon costume of green cloth, composed of a frock or *jupe*, and a vest with metal buttons; her boots were of flexible black morocco, her hat was round, with both sides *retrousses* and trimmed with feathers.

☞ People oftentimes, as they begin to prosper in business, immediately commence spending for luxuries, until in a short time their expenses swallow up more than their income, and they become bankrupt by their ridiculous attempts to keep up appearances and make a "sensation" in the world.

☞ A sailor is not a sailor when he is a-board; a sailor is not a sailor when he is a-shore; but he must be either ashore or aboard; therefore, a sailor is not a sailor.

"Can'st thou love me, gentle stranger?"
Blushing like a rose she stood;
And the knight at once admitted,
That he "rather thought he could."

☞ A Shell Cane.—An oyster dealer in Rochester has a stick on which are perhaps a thousand young oysters. The parent oysters were planted about the first of August; and the spawn drifting against this stick, adhered and hatched in these immense numbers.

☞ Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little, you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement: we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

☞ It is rumored that Mr. Buchanan, the President elect, is engaged to Mrs. Polk, the widow of the late President Polk.

☞ The Letter "Q."—It is stated that the demand by the printers for the little letter q is so great that the type founders are doing nothing else but casting for it. So many squires have found their way into print during these political speech making times, that the printers have been thrown out of their calculations, and the supply is not adequate to the demand.

☞ Mrs. Smithers has got a great idea of her husband's military prowess. "For two years," she says, he was a lieutenant in the horse marines, after which he was promoted to a captaincy in a regular company of sapheads and minors."

☞ "Who built the first school-house?" asked an ambitious school-ma'am, of a bright little girl on exhibition one day. "I don't know, ma'am; but I guess Noah did." Why do you think so, my dear?" inquired the mistress. "Because he is the first *ark*-itect we read of."

☞ Poetical.—Extract from a poem just published in England:

Farewell, Tartangower! and Ganawarra!
Farewell, Wagra-Barjang! and Irrawarra!
Farewell, Burra-Burra! Pollibi! Morang!
Farewell, Merrimingo! and thee, Burnewang!
And thee, Booroondara! and Goonalibee!
Farewell, Narab Narab; and Illanoonungy!
And Wimmera plains, by Tongeomungle!

This beats Hiawatha.

☞ A Fair Inference.—An old lady, observing a sign over a tailoring establishment, bearing the inscription "Fountain of Fashion," exclaimed:—"Ah! that must be the place where the *squirts* come from."

☞ If you are in a hurry, never get behind a couple that are courting. They want to make so much of each other that they would not move quick if they were going to a funeral. Get behind your jolly married folks, who have lots of children at home, if you wish to get along fast. But it is best to be a little ahead of either of them.

☞ When Ryleef, the most illustrious poet of Russia, was condemned to death on account of his participation in the conspiracy to prevent Nicholas from ascending the throne, the rope broke, and he might have been saved if he would have asked pardon but he refused, saying:—"Why, who would live in a country where there is not even a rope strong enough to hang a man?" and delivered himself a second time into the hands of the executioner, who speedily finished his work.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1856.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $3, IN ADVANCE one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

Four Copies, - - - - - $5.00 a year.
Eight " (and one to the getter up of Club,) 10.00 "
Thirteen (and one to the getter up of Club,) 15.00 "
Twenty (and one to the getter up of Club,) 20.00 "

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following articles are respectfully declined: "Voice of Love;" "Battle of Boyne;" "When Wintry Winds;" "Alice's Legend;" "The Raindrop;" "The Grecian Youth;" "A Summer Eve;" "The Flight of Birds," and an article by E. H. M.

THE "WHINING" WOMEN.

Of course every one will read Brigham Young's sermon upon the "whining" of the Mormon women, published in our news columns. So it is just as we thought—the women at least, do not like the practice of Polygamy. Therefore they naturally are more or less unhappy—according to the amount of soul in them—and complain—which their Prophet terms "whining," and says he does not like—as who does?

Just think of it—from forty to one hundred women complaining of, at and to one man! No wonder Brigham, and others of the "faithful," grow desperate—the noise without being seconded perhaps by a "still small voice" within. The deluded women looked for "heaven" in the smiles of Brother Brigham and Brother Heber—but as they are tossed aside, one after the other, for some newer favorite, they begin to find the old world of sin and sorrow!

And so Brigham gives them all two weeks to make their decision whether they will go—or stay, and "thereafter hold their peace." It strikes one as a mere mockery—of course they will stay. Where should they go? Can going bring back the old days of innocence, and the sweet lost peace? Ah, they have sown—and going or staying, the harvest of discontent and tears will needs have to be reaped.

And what is to be the end of this thing, hateful alike in the sight of God and man? Will it die out of itself from its inherent corruption; or will it, if left to itself, still, after a fashion, flourish on? But a yet more important question is, whether we have any duties relative thereto? Is it a matter for which we are no more responsible than for Polygamy in Asia—or is it one for the proper correction of which this people will be held accountable, both in the present world and the next?

As for the Mormons, they take the ground that Polygamy is their own exclusive business, and almost defy the General Government to meddle with it. The following extract from another sermon of Brigham Young's—whatever else may be said of it—is by no means deficient in point:—

If we introduce the practice of polygamy it is not their prerogative to meddle with it; if we should all turn to the Roman Catholics to-day, if we all turn to the old Mother Church, it would not be their prerogative, it would not be their business, to meddle with us on that account. If we are Mormons or Methodists, or worship the sun or a white dog, or if we worship a dumb idol, or all turn Shaking Quakers and have no wife, it is not their prerogative to meddle with these affairs, for in so doing they would violate the Constitution.

There is not a Territory in the Union that is looked upon with so suspicious an eye as is Utah, and yet it is the only part of the nation that cares anything about the Constitution.

"Mormonism" is true, and all hell cannot overthrow it. All the devil's servants on the earth may do all they can, and as Br. Clinton has just said, after twenty-six years faithful operation and exertion by our enemies, including the times when Joseph had scarcely a man to stand by him, and when the persecution was as severe on him as it ever was in the world, what have they accomplished? They have succeeded in making us an organized Territory, and they are determined to make us an independent State or Government, and as the Lord lives it will be so. (The congregation shouted amen.) I say, as the Lord lives, we are bound to become a sovereign State in the Union, *or an independent nation by ourselves, and let them drive us from this place if they can; they cannot do it.* I do not throw this out as a banter; you gentiles, and hickory and basswood "Mormons" can write it down if you please, but write it as I speak it.

I wish you to understand that God rules and reigns; that he led us to this land and gave us a Territorial Government. Was this the design of the wicked? No. Their design was to banish us from the earth, but they have driven us into notoriety and power; we are now raised to a position where we can converse with Kings and Emperors.

In the days of Joseph it was considered a great privilege to be permitted to speak to a member of Congress, but twenty-six years will not pass away before the Elders of this Church will be as much thought of as the kings on their thrones. The Lord Almighty will roll on the wheels of His work, and none can stop them; *and they cannot drive us from these mountains, because the Lord will not suffer them to do so.* I desire them to let us alone; "hands off and money down," we crave no jobs and make none. Let them attend to their own business, and we will build up Zion while they go to hell.

I am still Governor of this Territory, to the constant chagrin of my enemies; but I do not in the least neglect the duties of my Priesthood nor my office as Governor; and while I honor my Priesthood I will do honor to my office as Governor. This is hard to be understood by the wicked, but it is true. The feelings of many are much irritated because I am here, and Congress has requested the President to inquire why I still hold the office of Governor in the Territory of Utah. I can answer that question; I hold the office by appointment, and am to hold it until my successor is appointed and qualified, which has not yet been done; I shall bow to Jesus, my Governor, and under Him, to Br. Joseph. Though he has gone behind the vail and I cannot see him, he is my head, under Jesus Christ and the ancient Apostles, and I shall go ahead and build up the kingdom. But if I was now sitting in the chair of state at the White House in Washington, everything in my office would be subject to my religion.

Violet; Or, The Cross and the Crown, is the title of a forthcoming romance by a well-known and favorite author, Miss McIntosh. It is to be issued shortly from the press of *John P. Jewett & Co., Boston.* We have looked over the proof sheets, and find it a work of considerable talent and much interest. The scene of the story is partly laid in Monmouth county, on the Jersey shore.

THE CELTIC RACE.

The Irish branch of this race seems to be becoming rapidly merged in other races. Within the memory of man, the Irish language was the daily tongue of between two and three millions of people in Ireland—now, only about one-fifth of the population can understand Irish at all.

When the "Irish Question" used to be the great difficulty with English statesmen, it was a common joking remark with them that the only effective remedy would be to sink Ireland for about half-an-hour below the level of the sea. Curious enough, the year of famine which resulted from the failure of the potato crop, almost was tantamount to such a submersion. Since that year, the condition of Ireland has steadily improved—though doubtless to the passage of the act clearing the way for the sale of the many encumbered estates which existed in the island, a great proportion of the increasing prosperity is to be attributed. Much the larger number of these estates have been bought by Irishmen by birth; though whether of Celtic descent or not, we are unable to say. Many of the Irish people are really Englishmen or Scotchmen in the sense of race—being descended from emigrants from over the Channel. As the Irishman said, it does not follow "because a man is born in a stable that he must be a horse."

It is singular how much better the Irish seem to do in this country than at home. And from this generally admitted fact, one would be almost unavoidably led to conclude that more to the influences surrounding them in Ireland, than to any native incapacity, either intellectual or moral, the want of thrift and foresight generally imputed to them by Englishmen, should be attributed. Still, intermarriage with a more steady people, like the English or Germans, does the Irish no harm, and often improves the former. The phlegmatic German blood especially is apt to gain by a mixture with the lighter, warmer and more impulsive blood of the Celt. That Norman race which conquered England under William the Conqueror, probably owed its fine development to the intermixture of the Celtic and Saxon races. The Normans being originally Saxons, but whose position in France for centuries doubtless led to frequent alliances with the French people, who are of Celtic origin. The descendants of those Normans rule England to this hour.

Judging by theory, one would be inclined to suppose that the mixture of the Saxon and Celtic races would form a superior race to either—and judging by experience, the great success of the Normans thus would seem to prove it. Doubtless the great mental and bodily activity of our own people may partly be attributed to the same cause—for there are very few probably of our native population in whose veins does not course, in various proportions, both the Celtic and the Saxon blood.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The most important item of the late news from Europe, is the prospect of an alliance between Great Britain and Austria, in opposition to a rumored one between France and Russia. It is probable that there is not the best understanding between the courts of Paris and London—though Lord Palmerston's organ, the London Morning Post, says that, "In spite of the intrigues of a third Power" the two nations are entirely united upon questions of European policy.

Austria has positively refused to evacuate the Principalities at present—and is supported therein by England. The ground taken by the latter is, that she ought not to withdraw her forces before the boundary line, according to the treaty of Paris, is positively settled. The English squadron also remains in the Black Sea for the same reason.

Placards of a menacing description continue to be posted on the walls of Paris.

The English expedition against Persia is still only in course of preparation. A vessel sent to the Persian Gulf from Madras with "instructions," is said to have carried the box which should have contained the orders, minus the orders themselves! The "Rebels" seem to be again gaining ground in China.

Our Advertising Rates.—In consequence of the pressure upon our advertising columns at this season of the year, we have concluded to increase the price to 35 cents a line for the first insertion, and 30 cents a line for each succeeding insertion. Double column advertisements will be $1 a line every insertion. Upon looking into the subject, we find that the Post has been charging much less than other weekly papers, in proportion to the extent of its circulation. In the daily papers, whose circulation is generally very limited, and where advertisements are inserted in such numbers as almost to obscure each other, a less price can well be taken. But there are these two important differences between a daily paper, and a literary weekly like the Post. First: The latter can only spare some four to six columns for advertisements—which of course gives each one a more conspicuous place. And secondly, the daily paper only remains about the house for the day it is issued, while the weekly has the field for the entire week. Therefore an advertisement in a daily may readily be unnoticed—while an advertisement in a literary weekly can scarcely escape being seen.

☞ Some time since we received a letter written in a rather unusual style from Osage River, Mo., signed "An Osage Bandit," and inclosing an "infantile specimen" of a description of snake "which is found in a state of preservation in matted vegetation among the Osage cliffs."

According to the request of the writer, we handed over the animal to the Jefferson Medical College of this city—and are now informed by Dr. Dunglisson that it is a new genus of the serpent tribe. One other specimen has lately been received at the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences.

If our "Osage Bandit" will send on his real name and address, he shall have the credit of his contribution on the records of the College.

Charles W. Webber.—This gentleman, the author of "The Shot in the Eye," "The Gold Mines of the Gila," &c., and formerly a contributor to this paper, is believed to have been killed in Nicaragua, fighting under the flag of Gen. Walker. We trust that the report will prove without sufficient foundation, as it was not positively known that Mr. Webber was dead—the belief being founded upon his disappearance for several days.

Peace and Unity.—Mr. Dallas is said to have negotiated a treaty with England, settling all the points of dispute between the two countries—including the everlasting Central American question. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty—with its mutual pledge of non-intervention—is stated to be the basis of the new arrangement.

Gen. Walker.—Walker is either doing very well in Nicaragua—having plenty both of men and provisions—or his condition is exactly the reverse. There are two statements, one seemingly as authentic as the other, of which the few lines above may be considered a summary.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1857.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4TH, 1821.

The publishers of this old and firmly established paper take pleasure in calling the attention of the public to their programme for the coming year. Surpassing [illegible] world. We have therefore already made arrangements with the following brilliant list of writers:—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, MRS. SOUTHWORTH, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, and the Author of "ZILLAH," &c.

We design commencing, in the first number in January next, the following Original Novelet:—

TALLENGETTA;

OR,

THE SQUATTER'S HOME.

By WILLIAM HOWITT, Author of "Rural Life in England," "Homes of the Poets," &c., &c.

This is a STORY OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE. Mr. Howitt having visited Australia expressly with the object of acquainting himself with the novel and romantic aspects under which nature and society present themselves in that singular region.

The following Novelets will then be given, though probably not in the exact order here mentioned:—

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY GIRL.

By ALICE CARY. An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post.

THE WITHERED HEART.

An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post, by T. S. ARTHUR.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

THE QUAKER'S PROTEGE,

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by MRS. MARY A. DENISON, author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, author of "The Lost of the Wilderness," &c., is also in course of preparation for the Post.

We have also the promise of a SHORT AND CONDENSED

NOVELET BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

to run through about six or eight numbers of the Post.

☞ In addition to the above list of contributions, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c., our object being to give a Complete Record as far as our limits will admit, of the Great World.

ENGRAVINGS.—In the way of Engravings, we generally present two weekly—one of an instructive, and the other of a humorous character.

The Postage on the Post to any part of the United States, paid quarterly or yearly in advance, at the office where it is received, is only 26 cents a year.

TERMS (Cash in advance)—Single Copy $2 a year.

4 COPIES	: : : : : : : :	$5.00 a year.	
8 "	(And one to the getter up of the Club,) : : :	10.00	"
13 "	(And one to the getter up of the Club,) : : :	15.00	"
20 "	(And one to the getter up of the Club,) : : :	20.00	"

Address, *always post-paid,*

DEACON & PETERSON,

NO. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

SAMPLE NUMBERS SENT GRATIS TO ANY ONE, WHEN REQUESTED.

☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it, (the notices of new contributions and our terms,) for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

Interesting to Politicians.—It has recently been decided by the Supreme Court in Connecticut, and also by the Supreme Court in South Carolina, that the losing party in a wager may recover from the stakeholder the money he had deposited with him, though the latter, after the determination of the wager, had, by the order of the depositor, paid over the money to the winner.

The above is law doubtless—but only a "mighty" mean man would take advantage of it. Betting on elections is very demoralizing, and should be avoided—but the proper time to repent, and to resolve never more to have anything to do with such a practice, is after the loser has paid his bets. As for the winner, if he chooses to repent at once, and refuse to receive the wager coming to him, we see no objection—in fact we should consider it highly commendable, especially when the amount bet would seriously injure the loser to pay it.

Theatrical Feat.—A New York theatrical company (Brougham's) recently performed the same evening both in that city and this. The company arrived at the Philadelphia theatre at 20 minutes past 10, P. M., having left New York at 8 o'clock. The distance between the two cities was run in two hours and six minutes. Nothing was gained probably by this novel performance, except the showing that "some things can be done as well as others.

New Publications.

A Child's History of Rome. By John Bonner. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsey & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

Mr. Bonner's history is written in a good spirit, and with simplicity and compactness. In one respect it is peculiar. It commences the actual history of Rome with the year 282 B. C., giving the incidents and events of the previous centuries, simply as traditions or legends. Thus the strictly historic portion of the record begins with Pyrrhus; the stories of Romulus, Numa, the Tarquins, Coriolanus, Virginius, Cincinnatus, etc., are narrated as mythic. One is at a loss whether to commend this arrangement as justifiable or judicious, when the high authorities in favor of the credibility of these portions of Roman story, are considered. However, authorities are little worth when the true critic comes, and it may be that Sir G. Cornewall Lewis, from whom Mr. Bonner derives his theory, is right; though before deciding we should like to hear what Niebuhr might have to say to the contrary.

The Poetical Works of Thomas Hood. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Four volumes of Hood's Poems, being part of the admirable edition of the British Poets now in process of publication by Messrs. Little & Brown, of which we have so often had occasion to speak praisefully.

The Life of Charles Sumner. By D. A. Harsha. Dayton & Burdick, New York. For sale by C. G. Henderson, Philadelphia.

Westward Empire; or, the Great Drama of Human Progress. By E. L. Magoon. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsey & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

Mr. Magoon is a man of large and flowing speech and brilliant rhetorical powers. He has great natural eloquence and considerable erudition. These qualities appear prominently in [illegible] his latest book. It is very pleasant reading. We are constrained however to think it somewhat superficial and superficial. It divides human history into four eras—the ages of artistic beauty, martial force, scientific invention, and universal amelioration—a division which we think the facts would hardly justify. The entire work seems an unconscious oblation to our national vanity, which we regret. But apart from all this, it contains many fine ideas and considerable valuable information, and may be read with much pleasure and some profit.

The Life of the Rev. Thomas Scott, D. D., Rector of Aston Sandford, Bucks. By Rev. John Scott. A. Published and for sale by the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau street, New York, and 309 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

The Rev. Thomas Scott is best known by his Commentary on the Bible, a work which has been largely circulated both in England and the United States. He is also known to the religious world as the author of several evangelical works of much ability. The memoir before us derives considerable interest and value from its [illegible] ment of the poet Cowper, who was largely instrumental in Dr. Scott's conversion and subsequent spiritual development.

The Right Way; or, the Gospel Applied to the Course of Individuals and Nations. By A. Coltman. Published and for sale by the American Tract Society, Philadelphia.

An essay on Peace, to which the [illegible] five hundred dollars offered by the late Rev. Thomas A. Merril, D. D., of Vermont, was awarded. It is written with sense, cogency and much general ability.

The Two Lights. By the Author of "Struggles for Life." Published and for sale by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

The Church and Slavery. By Albert Barnes. Published and for sale by Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia.

Rills from the Fountain of Life; Or, Sermons to Children. By Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., Rector of St. Paul's Church, Phila. Published and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Justice in the By-Ways. A Tale of Life. By F. Colburn Adams. Livermore & Rudd. New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

New Music.—We have from Beck & Lawton, 104 Chestnut street, Mr. R. H. Stoddard's beautiful ballad of "Little May," set to music, by M. Auguste Mignon.

☞ To no kind of begging are people more averse as to begging pardon; that is, when there is serious ground for doing so. When there [illegible] this phrase is as soon taken in vain as other momentous words are upon light occasions.

☞ Many literary effusions proceed from the brain.

Paris Letter.

IMPERIAL AMUSEMENTS—REVOLUTIONARY RUMORS—EMPRESS AND CRINOLINE—A BRILLIANT MARRIAGE—A LUCKY SPECULATION—TIT FOR TAT.

PARIS, Oct. 30, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The Court is still absent, being busily employed in bringing to an untimely end the abundant game of the woods of Compeigne. Rumors of the troubled state of the Emperor's brain are as rife as ever; and it is difficult to believe them entirely devoid of foundation. But the stories afloat, which would indicate a state of mental derangement bordering on insanity, are no doubt very greatly exaggerated.

The covert agitation among the masses still continues. Two hundred arrests were made here in one day last week; but the journals are compelled to be silent on these facts, which only become known in passing from mouth to mouth. Two "incendiary" placards have been seized within a week by the police; one being an appeal to the Italian patriots, urging them to keep up their courage and persevere in their efforts, promising them the aid of France, and signed "The Committee of the Students of Paris;" the other being a call upon the working population of this city to be ready, at the first outbreak, to overthrow the existing order of things.

The country, however, is profoundly weary of the violent changes of policy through which it has passed, only, it would seem, to bring about a more tyrannous repression than France has ever known before; and though the preparatory ferment seems to have commenced, it will be sometime yet, in all probability, before the outbreak arrives. The utter want of union among the various classes of the people, the lack of municipal centres around which to rally, the equal lack of recognized popular leaders, all combine to prevent the irritation from taking the definite form without which only partial movements, easily managed by the police, are possible. That the Emperor will not retain his place long enough to found the "dynasty," on which his heart is set, may be most confidently predicted; but nothing can be prophecied of the immediate future. A few months, or years, must bring an upheaving; should Italy rise, the former will suffice to sweep away the ignoble repression of the present *regime*; should European complications be deferred, the Empire will be prolonged accordingly. But it is sad to see a noble, brilliant, generous nation like the French, standing, despite their many shortcomings, in the van of civilization, thus drifting, without compass or rudder, towards an inevitable catastrophe.

The fashionable world, meantime, pursues its own chimeras as earnestly as ever. The grand affair of the moment, which is now being discussed with closed doors between the *elegantes* and the dressmakers, who, between them, hold the sceptre of fashionable folly, is the "to be, or not to be," of crinoline and steel hoops. Now that the maid-servants and *grisettes* are flounced to the waist, and ragged gowns are draggling over a circumference of whalebone and calico, it is pretty clear to by-standers that this inconvenient return to Elizabethan absurdities must have its fall. The gentlemen, who, to a man, are pitted against the enormities of the present feminine toilette, are urging their fair friends to a reform. Whether the doom of the hoops and flounces will really be signed in the conclave now holding is doubtful; but the doom of this ridiculous style, like that of the pretty Empress who has inaugurated it, is but a question of time, and your fair readers will do well to get the utmost wear they can out of a lot of paraphernalia which they may be quite sure they will not be able to sport much longer.

While on this all-important topic, I may mention as an additional "sign of the times," that the new silks are mostly of a very thick description, utterly incapable of being converted into flounces, and covered with rich bands of velvet, woven into the fabric, or with large patterns in one, equally unmanageable in this respect, and necessitating a return to the long, smooth-lying folds which constitute the sole redeeming point in feminine drapery. The *basquines*, too, a new sort of outer garment, made of dark cloth, fitting the waist as closely as a dress, with large hanging sleeves, and willish skirt,—a sort of ample, but exceedingly shapely great-coat—is only pretty when worn over unflounced dresses of moderate dimensions. As these *basquines* are creating a perfect *furore* among the women, the crinolines have thus an additional chance against them. But dear womenkind, you who, as mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts, might do with the sterner sex, and through them, with this sadly improvable world and life of ours, just whatever you pleased to do, when will you give our hearts, intellects, and energies to something more worthy of their devotion than this mutton-like following of ephemeral follies?

M. de Girardin, whose intended marriage with a very beautiful girl, well-known in the fashionable circles of this city, was duly announced last [illegible] but was fated not to take effect, is at last to be married to a German lady, of remarkable beauty, highly accomplished, and who bids fair to fill worthily the throne left vacant by the late wife of the well-known editor of *La Presse*. The publication of the banns of this marriage caused a considerable sensation. M. de Girardin is unquestionably one of the cleverest men and is one of the most widely-known and influential members of Parisian society. He is the illegitimate son of Count de Girardin, and Glady of high rank; and his appearance in this lower world created a frightful scandal, which the upper realms of this frivolous city have not yet forgotten. Brought up in the country, under the care of peasants, and subsequently educated with great care and at a great expense by his unknown parents, this astute and restless spirit knew no peace until, by dint of efforts and ingenuity that would figure advantageously in a novel, he had wormed out the secret of his birth. This secret fathomed, the unquiet ambition of the boy found itself no nearer peace than before. Bent upon making for himself a name, fortune and position that should compensate him for the injustice of fate, his life has been a succession of the most arduous, but successful struggles. He threw himself early into the ranks of journalism, as the most certain road to fame; and has acquired the reputation of being the most original, striking and brilliant journalist of the French press. After founding and giving up several minor journals, each of which served in succession as a stepping-stone to some more ambitious and broader attempt, he at length founded the well-known journal *La Presse*, which has long ago acquired an European reputation, both for its chief editor and for itself. Many ugly tales are told of the brilliant editor in his struggle for position; some of them are not without foundation, but many of them, it is but fair to add, are sheer inventions of enemies, jealous of a success that eclipsed their own, and all have been more or less distorted and exaggerated. Not that the warmest admirers of the editor can pretend that their favorite has been immaculate as a man. Not to speak of his fatal duel with the amiable and highly-respected editor of the defunct "National," his share in deciding Louis Philippe to flight, in February, 1848, his well-known intimacy with the present Emperor, while openly advocating the boldest Republican and social theories, and his rapid accumulation of a fortune of several millions by speculations in the Exchange, while his paper stigmatizes all such stock-jobbing as corrupt and demoralizing, are sufficient proofs of individual peccability. But the influence of his paper has been unquestionably beneficial; it is consecrated to the advocacy of the largest ideas with regard to human right and liberty, and its columns are occupied by the ablest and most progressive pens of France. The late Madame de Girardin, who was styled "The Nine Muses in One," owing to her beauty, grace and talent, was one of the most admired and influential women of the day; and her *salon*, of which she did the honors with an affability and talent perhaps without a rival in the present generation, was the resort of the most distinguished talent in every walk of Science, Literature, Art and Fashion. Her success as a poet, romancer and dramatist, increased with every work she published. *La Joie Fait Peur*, *Lady Tartuffe*, and *Le Chapeau d'un Horlager*, have been among the most successful pieces brought out upon the French stage in modern days; and show the varied resources of her rich nature and brilliant pen.

Her death, of cancer of the stomach, some two years ago, while still in the prime of her beauty, grace and power, threw a shade over every rank of French society, and the lovely little Grecian-looking palace she inhabited in the Champs Elysees, and which the last months of her busy life had been spent in ornamenting and improving, until the beautiful little hotel, and its yet more beautiful garden, were among the gems of Parisian houses, was crammed and overflowing with weeping friends and admirers on the day she was borne from it forever.

The lady who is about to assume the difficult task of filling the place left vacant by this most accomplished woman, is the young Countess Rodolphine Brunold, whose mother, twice married, is the widow of a Prince of Nassau, whose wife she became through the morganatic (or left-handed) marriage which, in cases of royal persons, makes the morganatic partner the legal spouse in all respects, save that of sharing the title of the other party. The young lady is twenty two years of age; fair, with great blue eyes, and abundant hair of a paley golden hue, and of silkiest smoothness. A fine person, great talent, and every imaginable accomplishment, appear to make her a very fitting person to preside in the magnificent mansion which M. de Girardin is building in the new Boulevard de l'Imperatrice, at the entrance of the Bois de Boulogne, and into which he will remove soon after his marriage. His jewel of a house in the Champs Elysees has been bought by the Duke of Alva, brother-in-law of the Empress, whose hotel adjoins it, and who wishes to add it, with its charming little garden, to his grand domain.

The approaches to the Bois de Boulogne—to whose beautification and improvement, in imitation of the Parks of London, but with a gaiety of ornamentation and detail peculiarly French, allusion has so often been made in these letters—is becoming the most fashionable building quarter of this charming city. Building-lots are laid out in every direction, and are being rapidly bought up by speculators, as well as by people of fortune wishing to put up dwellings for themselves in the new suburb.

M. de Girardin, combining both characters in his own person, has purchased, with his usual good fortune, a piece of land in this coveted locality. This lot, for which he paid some seventy or eighty thousand francs, just as public attention became directed to this quarter, he has cut up into various portions, some of which he has re-sold for 300,000 francs, and the remainder, exclusive of the ground he has reserved for himself, and on which he is building his new hotel, will certainly fetch at least some 600,000 francs in addition. He will thus have cleared over a million of francs by this lucky investment.

A good deal of amusement has been excited by a mischance that has just overtaken a proposed match between a young lady of good family, with a portion of 200,000 francs, constituting her sole fortune, (i. e. without any chance of inheritance to add to it,) and a gentleman well-known in the financial world here, whose fortune was about equal to that of the young lady, Mad'lle R——.

The match, with which the young lady and her family were equally satisfied, was arranged last summer, and was to take place early in the coming winter; in a few weeks from this present writing. The *trousseau* was in hand, and the abode of the young couple was in the hands of a fashionable upholsterer, when suddenly a cousin of Mad'lle R——, enormously rich, fell ill, and was declared by his physicians to be consumptive, absolutely without a ghost of a chance of recovery. Mad'lle R——, thus finding herself transformed into the prospective heiress of a colossal fortune, began to consider that M. de N—— was hardly the husband for a person of her expectations, and the marriage was gently deferred, with the unspoken intention of breaking it off altogether, after a decent interval.—Things were in this state when the consumptive cousin comes suddenly back from the waters he has been assiduously drinking all the summer, perfectly cured! Mad'lle R—— having now relapsed into her original proportions, her friends lost no time in hinting to her betrothed that it would perhaps be well to be thinking of the marriage, and thus bring to a conclusion an arrangement so evidently destined to make both parties happy. But M. de N——, on receiving these advances, gave the lady's friends to understand that he no longer desired the union; and on being pressed by the latter to assign the motive for this change of intention, replied, with a shrug—"Que voulez-vous? Who knows but that I may discover, one of these days, that I, too, am blessed with a consumptive cousin?" QUANTUM.

☞ A cockney philologist says that the letter W enters into the composition of women in all the relations of life—e. g., Virgin, Wife, Widow and Witch.

☞ The gentleman so often spoken of in novels, who riveted people with his gaze, has now obtained permanent employment at a boiler manufactory.

☞ QUEER PEOPLE AT THE WATERING PLACES.—Mrs. Snubblechops (to her daughter Laura.)—"It is very wrong of you, Laura, to waltz with young Jolly. Your papa was greatly shocked.—He says that he has met young Jolly in the city, in places where no decent young man would ever be seen!" Laura—"Well, what was papa doing in those places, then? Isn't he a proper associate?" Mrs. S.—"My love, you shouldn't ask such questions; you know—with him it is different."

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.

MARTINSBURG, Va., Nov. 9th, 1856.

Messrs. Editors:—In the number of the Post for November 8th, I saw a letter from T. C. M., of Angel's Camp, Calavaras county, California, stating that his heart was made sad on account of seeing a young man of intelligence and energy begging the means to sustain life. There is something wrong about this. Energy and intelligence don't beg. It may be that T. C. M. saw him begging after his energy and intelligence had been blasted by drinking whiskey. After three years' experience in California, and a portion of that time in Calavaras county, I cannot think that any energetic, intelligent man will be found asking alms. If he is able to work he can get work, provided he is willing to do such work as he can get; and he will be paid for his labor such wages as will keep him from mendicancy. I have heard men wishing to be back to their fathers' houses when they could make five dollars per day, and not work more than half the time. The difficulty with them seemed to be that they had to put forth the energy and intelligence they possessed. This they did not like, and wanted to be back to their fathers' where their energies and intelligence would be undisturbed, as far as providing for themselves was concerned. A laborer three years ago could get one hundred dollars per month and board. Can they not now get what will keep them from begging? or do they expect that money is made without work? When I went out I expected to work, and was not disappointed. Many expect to make money without labor, and do but little else than walk round and inquire after good diggings, and of course find none and are disappointed. I worked at coal-heaving, boating, teaming, mining, and blacksmithing, and many a two hundred sack of flour I carried on my back over the mud so as to help the mules from being stuck fast. I would lie down on the ground in the rain to sleep; I would fry my own pork and slapjacks, and eat them, except when they were stolen by the wolves—and still I went ahead, and had no reason to complain for the want of something to do to keep me from begging. Rum and laziness do more mischief than all the exaggerated newspaper accounts ever published in California.

Yours, respectfully,

R. A. WEBSTER.

TERRIBLE DISASTER AT SEA.

The Hamburg barque Elise, which arrived at New York on the 16th inst., brings news of a disaster more terrible than any since the losses of the Arctic and Pacific. The French steamer Le Lyonnaise, which left New York for Havre on Nov. 1st, was run into off Nantucket Shoals, in the night of Nov. 3rd, by a large ship, which struck her so heavily aft that by the morning she was in a sinking condition, and passengers and crew were obliged to leave her. Five boats, the ship's complement, were quickly filled. A raft was constructed, and loaded with passengers. Two of the boats went down, a few minutes after they left the vessel, and of the forty or fifty persons in them, it is supposed two-thirds sank in endeavoring to reach the raft. Mr. Laguiere, the second mate of the Lyonnaise, from whom the statement of the disaster comes, says that the boat in which he himself was, soon lost sight of the other two boats and the raft; consequently, their fate is as yet unknown.

At the time of the collision, the weather was very foggy. The unknown vessel which ran into the Lyonnaise, made no effort to render any assistance, but steered away. It is not improbable that her own injuries were severe.

The boat in which was Mr. Laguiere, was on the open sea for upwards of two days, in the midst of a violent rain, hail and snow storm, the boat leaking so badly as to necessitate incessant bailing, the provisions and water exhausted, the clothes on the passengers frozen to their backs, and death by cold or starvation the only prospect. One aged gentleman died. Many of the crew were severely frost-bitten, and all suffered intensely. On the morning of the third day, the boat was picked up by the Bremen barque Elise, outward bound, whose commander, Capt. Nordenholdt, did everything in his power for the sufferers. On the fifth day, they were transferred to the Hamburg barque Elise, bound for New York, at which port they, sixteen in number, arrived safely. The remainder of the human freight of the Lyonnaise, amounting to one hundred and thirty persons, is as yet unheard of. Among these persons, is Mr. Albert Sumner, a brother of Hon. Charles Sumner.

At the time of the collision, the lights were up, the fog whistle blowing, and every precaution had been taken on board the steamer. The Lyonnaise was an iron steamer, of 2,200 tons burthen.

BOSTON, Nov. 17.—The barque Adriatic (which was in collision with the steamer Lyonnaise) arrived at Gloucester, Mass., on the 4th of November. She was from Belfast, *Maine*, bound to Savannah. The captain went immediately to Belfast, where he reported to the Belfast Journal that he had been run into by an unknown steamer, which passed on without stopping to render assistance.

The collision happened on the night of the 2nd inst., off the South Shoal. We hailed the steamer and requested her to lay by him, but the light disappeared in 20 minutes. The captain, who was on deck at the time, supposed the steamer had stood away on her course, and he was not aware of the injury done her.

The barque sustained but little damage.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

The steamship City of Washington with dates to the 5th inst., arrived from Liverpool at Philadelphia on the 15th inst.

The news is of no great moment. The British fleet is formally announced to remain in the Black Sea until Russia fulfils her obligations; that Great Britain, Austria and Turkey claim to be firmly united in this policy; that these three powers are making strenuous efforts to withdraw Louis Napoleon from coquetting with Russia, and that Russia is making equal efforts to secure his alliance. Neapolitan affairs remain as before.

A good deal of discontent is prevailing in the manufacturing districts of France, owing to the apprehensions of commercial reform, even without the immediate agency of legislation.

Louis Napoleon continues at Compiegne, where he has had lengthened interviews with Baron Hummer, Austrian Plenipotentiary.

Spanish affairs are also unchanged, but the accounts of the stability of the National Government are contradictory.

The statement that Spain is organizing a war in Hayti is confirmed.

Persia and Afghanistan continue at war. The Persian army was besieging Herat.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Liverpool, November 6, evening.—The Brokers' Circular reports the Cotton Market as inactive, with but little inquiry, and prices weak, at a decline of 1-16th. Holders are willing sellers, though manifesting no disposition to press sales. The sales for the three days have been 12,000 bales, including 1,000 on speculation and 1,000 for export.

The Manchester Markets are quiet but steady.

Breadstuffs are dull. Flour inactive, with a turn in favor of the buyer. Baltimore and Philadelphia 32s. 6d a 33s. 6d. Ohio 33s. 6d.

Red Wheat is quiet and unchanged at 8s 9d a 9s 3d.—White Wheat 9s 6d a 10s 3d.

Corn quiet but steady at 31s 6d a 32s. Mixed 29s. 6d a 30s.

Beef and Pork dull. Bacon steady.

Consols for cash are quoted at 92¼ a 92¾.

THE LANCASTER BANK SUSPENDED.—The following notice was posted on the door of the Lancaster Bank on the morning of the 15th inst.:

"Notice.—A run having been made upon the Lancaster Bank, and its notes having been refused by the Philadelphia Banks, the officers deem it impossible to meet the liabilities of the Bank as they are presented, and are, therefore, compelled to close the Bank.

The note holders are advised not to sacrifice the same, as the assets of the Bank are supposed to be sufficient to meet the circulation and deposits. A statement, however, will be made to the public, as soon as the officers elect can make an examination of the condition of the Bank.

"H. RATHVON, Cashier."

The above notice and suspension took every one by surprise, as the day previous all seemed satisfied that the Bank was sound and able to sustain any run that could be made upon it.

THE MORMON WOMEN.

Brigham Young Does Not Like Whining.

We find the following report of a late sermon of Brigham Young's, in the *Deseret News*. Our readers, therefore, may trust it as authentic.

From a Sermon Preached by Brigham Young, Sept. 21, 1856.

* * * It is frequently happening that women say that they are unhappy. Men will say,—"My wife, though a most excellent woman, has not seen a happy day since I took my second wife." "No, not a happy day for a year," says one; and another has not seen a happy day for five years. It is said that women are tied down and abused; that they are misused, and have not the liberty they ought to have; that many of them are wading through a perfect flood of tears, because of the conduct of some men, together with their own folly.

I wish my own women to understand that what I am going to say is for them as well as others, and I want those who are here to tell their sisters, yes, all the women of this community, and then write it back to the States, and do as you please with it. I am going to give you from this time to the 6th day of October next, for reflection, that you may determine whether you wish to stay with your husbands nor not, and then I am going to set every woman at liberty, and say to them, "Now, go your way, my women with the rest;" go your way. And my wives have got to do one of two things: either round up their shoulders to endure the afflictions of this world and live for their religion, or they may leave, for I will not have them about me. I will go into heaven alone rather than have scratching and fighting around me. I will set all at liberty. "What, first wife, too?" Yes, I will liberate you all.

I know what my women will say; they will say, "You can have as many women as you please, Brigham." But I want to go somewhere and do something to get rid of the whiners; I do not want them to receive a part of the truth, and spurn the rest out of doors.

I wish my women, and brother Kimball's, and brother Grant's to leave, and every woman in this Territory, or else say in their hearts that they will embrace the Gospel—the whole of it. Tell the Gentiles that I will free every woman in this Territory at our next conference. "What, the first wife, too?" Yes, there shall not be one held in bondage; all shall be set free. And then let the father be the head of the family, the master of his own household; and let him treat them as an angel would treat them; and let the wives and children say amen to what he says, and be subject to his dictates, instead of their dictating to the man—instead of their trying to govern him.

No doubt some are thinking, "I wish brother Brigham would say what would become of the children." I will tell you what my feelings are; I will let my wives take the children, and I have property enough to support them, and can educate them, and then give them a good fortune, and I can take a fresh start.

I do not desire to keep a particle of my property, except enough to protect me from a state of nudity. And I would say, wives, you are welcome to my children, only do not teach them iniquity; for if you do, I will send an elder, or come myself, to teach them the Gospel. You teach them life and salvation, or I will send elders to instruct them.

Let every man thus treat his wives, keeping raiment enough to clothe his body; and say to your wives—"Take all that I have and be set at liberty; but if you stay with me, you shall comply with the law of God, and that, too, without any murmuring and whining. You must fulfil the law of God in every respect, and round up your shoulders to walk up to the mark without any grunting."

Now recollect, that two weeks from to-morrow I am going to set you at libery. But the first wife will say, "It is hard, for I have lived with my husband twenty years, or thirty, and have raised a family of children for him, and it is a great trial to me for him to have more women;" then I say it is time that you gave him up to other women who will bear children. If my wife had borne me all the children that she ever would bear, the celestial law would teach me to take young women that would have children.

Do you understand this? I have told you many times that there are multitudes of pure and holy spirits waiting to take tabernacles. Now, what is our duty? To prepare tabernacles for them; to take a course that will not tend to drive those spirits into the families of the wicked, where they will be trained in wickedness, debauchery, and every species of crime. It is the duty of every righteous man and every woman to prepare tabernacles for all the spirits they can.—Hence, if my women leave, I will go and search up others who will abide the celestial law, and let all I now have go where they please; though I will send the Gospel to them.

This is the reason why the doctrine of plurality of wives was revealed, that the noble spirits which are waiting for tabernacles might be brought forth.

If the men of the world were right, or if they were anywhere near right, there might not be the necessity which there now is. But they are wholly given up to idolatry, and to all manner of wickedness.

Do I think that my children will be damned? No, I do not; for I am going to fight the devil until I save them all; I have got my sword ready, and it is a two-edged one. I have not a fear about that, for I would almost be ashamed of my body if it would beget a child that would not abide the law of God, though I may have some unruly children.

I am going to ask you a good many things, and to begin with, I will ask what is your prayer?—Do you not ask for the righteous to increase, while the unrighteous shall decrease and dwindle away? Yes, that is the prayer of every person that prays at all. The Methodists pray for it, the Baptists pray for it, and the Church of England and all the reformers, the Shaking Quakers not excepted. And if the women belonging to this church will turn Shaking Quakers, I think their sorrows will soon be at an end.

Sisters, I am not joking; I do not throw out my proposition to banter your feelings, to see whether you will leave your husbands, all or any of you. But I do know that there is no cessation to the everlasting whinings of many of the women in this Territory; I am satisfied that this is the case. And if the women will turn from the commandments of God, and continue to despise the order of Heaven, I will pray that the curse of the Almighty may be close to their heels, and that it may be following them all the day long. And those that enter into it and are faithful, I will promise them that they shall be queens in Heaven, and rulers to all eternity.

"But," says one, "I want to have my paradise now." And says another, "I did think I should be in paradise if I was sealed to Br. Brigham, and I thought I should be happy when I became his wife, or Br. Heber's. I loved you so much that I thought I was going to have a heaven right off, right here on the spot."

What a curious doctrine it is that we are preparing to enjoy! The only heaven for you is that which you make yourselves. My heaven is here, [laying his hand upon his heart]. I carry it with me. When do I expect it in its perfection? When I come up in the resurrection; then I shall have it, and not till then.

But the women come and say, "Really, Br. John and Br. William, I thought you were going to make a heaven for me," and they get into trouble because a heaven is not made for them by the men, even though agency is upon women as well as upon men. True, there is a curse upon the woman that is not upon the man, namely, that her "whole affections shall be toward her husband;" and what is the next? "He shall rule over you."

But how is it now? Your desire is to your husband, but you strive to rule over him, whereas the man should rule over you.

Some may ask whether that is the case with me; go to my house and live, and then you will learn that I am very kind, but know how to rule.

If I had only wise men to talk to, there would be no necessity for my saying what I am going to say. Many and many an elder knows no better than to go home and abuse as good a woman as dwells upon the earth, because of what I have said this afternoon. Are you, who act in that way, fit to have a family? No, you are not, and never will be, until you get good common sense.

Then you can go to work and magnify your callings; and you can do the best you know how; and on that ground I will promise you salvation, but upon no other principle.

If I were talking to a people that understood themselves and the doctrines of the holy Gospel, there would be no necessity for saying this, because you would understand. But many have been (what shall I say? pardon me, brethren,) henpecked so much that they do not know the place of either man or woman; they abuse and rule a good woman with an iron hand. With them it is as Solomon said: "Bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." You may talk to them about their duties, about what is required of them, and still they are fools, and will continue to be.

Prepare yourselves for two weeks from to-morrow; and I will tell you now that if you tarry with your husbands after I have set you free, you must bow down to it and submit yourselves to the celestial law. You may go where you please, after two weeks from to-morrow; but remember that I will not hear any more of this whining.

Political News.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

We give below the vote cast in each State for President, as far as ascertained:

	Buchanan.	Fremont.	Fillmore
Maine,	39,191	61,450	2,052
New Hampshire,	30,507	26,736	414
Vermont,	6,180	33,213	1,300
Massachusetts,	39,526	107,442	18,740
Rhode Island,	6,680	11,627	1,675
Connecticut,	38,870	42,692	2,472
New York,	195,695	276,295	124,169
Pennsylvania,	230,500	147,548	82,220
New Jersey,	47,220	89,509	23,191
Delaware,	8,005	300	6,175
Maryland,	39,108	244	36,922
Virginia,	65,549	112	41,366
Georgia,	51,152		36,383
Ohio,	91,814	104,998	17,427
Tennessee,	62,247		30,668
Kentucky,	47,427	480	42,936
Missouri,	19,935	57	20,717

A table is going the rounds giving the estimate of the whole Union—but it is too inaccurate in its details, to be worthy presentation as a whole. We give its results, however, as an approximation to the truth:

FREE STATES.

Fremont,	2,136,147
Buchanan,	1,000,304
Fillmore,	259,208

SLAVE STATES.

Buchanan,	500,000
Fillmore,	455,000
Fremont,	1,200

PENNSYLVANIA.—The following is the official vote:

Buchanan,		230,509
Fusion—Fremont,	147,100	
" Fillmore,	55,958	
		203,347
Straightout Fillmore,		20,339
Buchanan's majority over Fusion,		27,443
Buchanan over Fusion and Fillmore,		1,105

The Governor has issued his proclamation declaring the Democratic electors elected, and ordering their meeting at Harrisburg on the first Wednesday in December.

ILLINOIS.—A telegraphic despatch from Springfield, states that Col. Bissell is 2,000 votes ahead of Richardson, and nearly all the counties heard from. The despatch also states that Buchanan is 3,000 ahead of Fremont; and also that the House will stand 37 Democrats, 20 Republicans, 5 Fillmoreites; and that the Democrats have one majority in the Senate.

The Springfield Register (Democratic,) says Buchanan's majority in Illinois is 6,100; and Bissell's majority (Republican) for Governor, 7,100.

A Springfield despatch gives Bissell 10,000 majority, and Miller, Republican, for State Treasurer, probably 14,000.

MISSOURI.—We have returns from 32 counties in Missouri, giving Buchanan 18,332, and Fillmore 17,830. The same counties in August, gave Polk, (Dem.) for Governor, 19,210, and Ewing, (American,) 21,290. These counties constitute Mr. Fillmore's principal strength. A number of the Boston Democrats seem to have refrained from voting.

WISCONSIN.—MILWAUKIE, Nov. 12.—The majority for Fremont in Wisconsin, so far as ascertained, is 12,800. The remaining counties will make it 14,000.

IOWA.—DUBUQUE, Nov. 12.—We have official returns from 37 counties in Iowa, which show a Republican gain of 1,300 on the August election.

MICHIGAN.—We have returns from nearly forty counties in which the Republican majorities reach 22,604, and the Democratic majorities 818; leaving a net majority of 21,102 for Fremont.

NORTH CAROLINA.—We have full returns of the vote for President in thirty-eight counties of North Carolina, which show the losses and gains as follows: Fillmore's gains 1,084; Buchanan's gains 1,505; net Fillmore gain 459. This is as compared with the last gubernatorial election, when there was a large Democratic majority.

LOUISIANA.—The New Orleans papers concede Louisiana to Buchanan, and give returns from twenty-three parishes, which show the following results:—Fillmore, 3,621; Buchanan, 2,892. Twenty-one parishes remained to be heard from.

VIRGINIA.—Returns from 112 counties of Virginia, give the following results:—Fillmore, 35,080; Buchanan, 61,220; Buchanan's majority 25,760. The Democratic gain since 1855 is 16,147, with twenty-five counties to hear from, which gave Wise, for Governor, 705 majority.

GEORGIA.—Full official returns of the vote for President in eighty counties of Georgia, show the following aggregates: Buchanan, 45,319; Fillmore, 34,911; Buchanan ahead 10,408. The remaining eighteen counties are reported as giving majorities which in the aggregate are 1,581 for Buchanan, and 601, or 2,180 net majority for Buchanan; so that the latter has in the whole State, 12,588 majority.

TENNESSEE.—This State has undoubtedly gone for Buchanan, by a considerable majority.

MR. FILLMORE.—Mr. Fillmore's home organ, the Buffalo Advertiser, publishes an editorial article, in the course of which this statement occurs: "We have reason to know that, if they (the Republicans) had nominated Judge McLean, Mr. Fillmore would have withdrawn from the canvass immediately on his return from Europe."

CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS.—The total vote polled for President, in St. Louis city, was 12,710, and in Chicago 11,675.

MINNESOTA.—The St. Paul Pioneer of the 4th inst., gives a list of the members elected to the Legislature of that Territory, from which it appears that both branches are Democratic. The Council (Senate) stands—9 Democrats to 6 Republicans. The House, 19 Democrats 15 Republicans, and 3 Independents.

MR. BUCHANAN'S LETTER ON A PACIFIC ROAD.—The last California steamer brought the letters of Messrs. Fillmore and Buchanan, in answer to the inquiry from California about their sentiments on the Pacific Railroad question. The letter of Mr. Buchanan is directed to B. F. Washington, Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee of California. Mr. Buchanan, after referring to the resolution passed by the Democratic National Convention on the subject of a Pacific Railroad, says:

"I then desire to state briefly that, concurring with the Convention, I am decidedly favorable to the construction of the Pacific Railroad; and I derive the authority to do this from the constitutional power 'to declare war,' and the constitutional duty 'to repel invasions.' In my judgment Congress possesses the same power to make appropriations for the construction of this road, strictly for the purpose of national defence that it has to erect fortifications at the mouth of the harbor of San Francisco. Indeed, the necessity with a view to repel foreign invasions from California is as great in the one case as in the other. Neither will there be danger from the precedent; for it is almost impossible to conceive that any case attended by such extraordinary and unprecedented circumstances can ever again occur in our history."

YOUNG AMERICA.—A party of youngsters were surprised last week in a subterranean cave they had excavated, with great labor, in a vacant lot, back of Fourth Street, below Dickerson, in the First Ward. They had a fire kindled, and were seated around it smoking pipes. They had commenced the digging of another cave at a little distance, and their plans included an underground passage between the two, about 25 feet in length. Their ages ranged from 9 to 15, and they had been in the habit of resorting to their cave when playing truant from school, and in the evenings. The cave has been very properly destroyed.

THE FUNERAL OF JOHN M. CLAYTON.—The Hon. James Buchanan, President elect, and the Hon. Lewis Cass, passed through this city last week on their way to the funeral of the Hon. John M. Clayton, which took place on Thursday afternoon week, at Dover, Delaware.

APPOINTMENT BY THE GOVERNOR.—The Governor has appointed Robert T. Conrad Associate Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia, from the 1st of December next; vice Wm. D. Kelley, resigned.

FROM THE ISTHMUS.—A paragraph in the Aspinwall Courier, of Nov. 3rd, states it as the opinion of many persons in that region, that New Granada will make short work of the difficulties of the 15th of April, by ceding the territory and authority of the Isthmus to the United States.

NEWS ITEMS.

DEATH OF AN AUTHORESS.—Mrs. Elizabeth J. Eames, a well-known writer of both prose and poetry, did a few days since at Channabon, Illinois, of consumption.

THE READING QUALIFICATION.—It is said that 400 persons, in Connecticut, were deprived of their vote this month, by the new constitutional provision requiring that they should know how to read and write, in order to vote.

A NAME FOR A YOUNG LADY.—The infant daughter of the Duchess de Monpensier has the following names—enough for a very large family:—

Marie de Regla, Francesca de Asis, Antonia, Luisa, Fernanda, Amalia, Felipa, Isabel, Adelaida, Cristina, Josefa, Joaquina, Justa, Rufina, Lufgardar, Carolina, Bibiana, Polonia, Gaspara, Melchiora, Baltasara, Ana, Agueda, Lucia, Francisca de Paula, Ramona, Todos los Santos, Brigidia, Dionisia.

ONE NIGHT IN NEW ORLEANS, LA.—On the night of the 3rd inst., there were four murders in New Orleans, La. John Tully, of Hoboken, N. J., was killed at a card-table; John Weir, a gas fitter, was killed with slungshots in a political row; Patrick Ryan was found murdered on the sidewalk, and Wm. Aiken was also found assassinated in the street.

DEATH OF GEN. BANKHEAD.—Brigadier General Jas. Bankhead, commander at Fort McHenry, died at his residence in Baltimore, on the night of Nov. 11th, aged 73 years. He was in the service 48 years, having entered it the same day with Gen. Scott.

GOV. WISE, of Virginia, has appointed fifty-two delegates from that State to the Southern Commercial Convention, to meet in Savannah, Georgia, on the 8th of December. These are divided in the proportion of four from each of the thirteen Congressional districts. Hon. R. M. T. Hunter heads the list.

MOUNT VESUVIUS.—A letter from Naples says: "Land slides into the principal crater of Vesuvius have been taking place for some time past. It is feared that the entire summit of the mountain will disappear in the open chasm. Violent continued reports have of late proceeded from the volcano."

ELECTION GAMBLING has been carried to a fearful extent in Kentucky. The Cincinnati (Ohio) Commercial knows of many instances where lands, negroes, cash, everything that is property in Kentucky, has been staked throughout the State. Hundreds of men are doubtless entirely ruined, and thousands sorely impoverished.

PROFESSOR MORSE KNIGHTED.—The King of Denmark has conferred the order of Danneborg on Professor Morse, for his invention of the magnetic telegraph.

WESLEYAN BENEVOLENCE.—The English Wesleyan denomination contributed last year $600,000 for the cause of foreign missions; home missions, $60,000; chapel debts and new chapels, $500,000; theological training of students, $11,000; education of minister's children, $15,000; day schools for the poor, $22,000; Sabbath schools, $40,000; tract society, $18,000; besides contributions for minor objects.

ANNOYING DELUSION.—It is stated in the Boston papers that in the examination of a respectable hotel keeper, of that city, on the charge of stealing $1,500 from a store, the complainant testified that he had *consulted the spirits and a fortune teller*, and had been informed that he would find the money in the landlord's cellar—whereupon he had, by virtue of a search warrant, overhauled the coal-bin and pulled up any quantity of brick pavement, but found nothing. The man was of course discharged.

A SHAMEFUL LIBEL.—The following disgraceful attack upon a portion of our beloved Union, which is taken from an English paper, will, we fear, have a tendency to dissolve the friendly relations now happily existing between the two countries. It is time that the British press should know that we are as sensitive when our glorious country is assailed, as any "*Johnny Crapeau.*" "In the vicinity of Cape Cod, two apple trees and a gooseberry bush, are called an orchard. Captain Bowes owns five plum trees, and is looked upon as an aristocrat. One year they don't bear, and the next year they can't—the school boys using the fruit for bullets to kill owls with. Great country, that Cape Cod."

JEWS IN CALIFORNIA.—The *Voice of Israel*, a Jewish paper, lately started in San Francisco, says there are between thirty and forty thousand Hebrews in that State. They are generally industrious, frugal, and very prosperous. Their New Year has been observed with great solemnity.

LATE advices from Northern Mexico received at New Orleans, confirm the successes of Vidaurri, and his capture of Camargo after a siege.

LADY BYRON, widow of the poet, has contributed £66 towards the relief of the sufferers in Kansas; stipulating, however, that the money should not be expended in providing arms.

ANOTHER comical wager, in Massachusetts, has just come to light. A representative elect to the State Legislature, named Bachellor, finds himself under an obligation to draw a barrel of beans, on a sled, from Salem to Worcester, in consequence of the election of Buchanan; a considerably tougher job than wheeling a barrel of apples.

LACK OF MINISTERS.—From an editorial in the Central Presbyterian, we learn that there are now thirty-five vacant Presbyterian churches in Virginia; thirty-five churches without pastors, and a considerable number of them with large and influential congregations—able and anxious to procure the service of ministers. We learn, also, that there are fifty-four counties in Virginia, in which there is neither organized church nor ministers of the Presbyterian denomination.

THE Vermont Legislature has rejected a bill granting twenty thousand dollars in aid of the Kansas settlers.

ENDOWMENTS.—Mr. Philip St. G. Cooke, of Virginia, proposes to endow an Agricultural Professorship in the University of Virginia with the sum of $20,000. James C. Bruce has given $10,000 to endow the "Model Farm of the Virginia and North Carolina Agricultural Society."

VISIT OF ENGLISH WRITERS TO AMERICA.—A private letter from London, assures us that Douglas Jerrold and Charles Kingsley will visit America in the course of the winter. There was at one time a rumor that Mr. Jerrold would lecture during his sojourn in the United States.—*Boston Atlas.*

A COUNTRYMAN at Burnley

THE PHANTOM-HORSE.

An Incident Illustrative of the Times which Preceded the French Revolution.

The story is still current in the neighborhood of the spot on which the Chateau Beauvoisin once stood, though the affair happened as long ago as 1786.

The Chateau Beauvoisin was situated about a league and a-quarter, or nearly four miles, from Paris, a little apart from the St. Germain high-road. At that time, the house was kept in excellent repair, was always used as a residence all the year round, saving for a month or two in the summer and autumn time; and its extensive gardens and grounds were laid out with unexceptionable taste, and kept in first-rate order.

The Marchioness de Beauvoisin, though still young, handsome and rich, had been three years a widow, and was much given to romantic habits—solitary wanderings and musings about her estate, long evening vigils at her boudoir-window, and other similar demonstrations. As it happened, it was the marchioness herself who beheld the apparition in the first instance.

It was a beautiful evening in that pleasant time of the year when spring is fast merging into summer; sweet light dews were falling, the moon and stars were shining, and the marchioness was at her window, surveying with pensive pleasure the long heavy masses of ancient foliage that gave beauty and dignity to her domain, and now all silvered over and etherealized by moonlight and mist. Suddenly she was startled by seeing something moving with prodigious velocity up a certain lane which skirted one side of the grounds of the chateau, and conducted from the Paris highway into the rural region. Away, and away, and away—all up the lane she could perceive a large animal rushing with fearful speed; and yet, though she was certain her eyesight did not deceive her, she could not hear the faintest sound. Raising her eye-glass, she saw, beyond question, that the object of her alarm was a large black horse. There was a saddle on its back, but no rider!—and though the ground was hard and dry, and the night quite still, not the slightest sound or echo could she catch of its hoof-falls.

The marchioness cried out in terror, and her *maid, on coming to her side, found her to be in a* state of violent nervous agitation. The handsome young widow was indeed in an ecstacy of wonder and affright. She despatched Antoine, the woodman, and the rest of her male servants, in all directions, to make inquiries as to what accident had happened to account for the horse being seen running away, saddled and bridled, but riderless. The people went forth—north, south, east, and west; but without result. No one had heard of any accident in any quarter, and no one had seen the horse without a rider. It was late in the evening, indeed, and the country-people were mostly in their houses preparing for bed; and as for passing travellers, very few travelled the highways at night in those times, save in numerous parties. In fine, every one believed that the marchioness must have fallen asleep at her window, and dreamed all this of the horse without a rider. The marchioness, however, had not been asleep, nor had she been dreaming. She crossed herself with a pious shrug, and half feared she had beheld the Evil One in the form of a black horse.

For a day or two, the marchioness's "dream" was the joke of the men and maids, both the indoor and outdoor menials of her ladyship; but very soon her strange narration received confirmation strong. Antoine, the woodman, or keeper—Antoine himself, the most hilarious of the skeptics, was the next who beheld the apparition. Only a few days later, he was coming down the avenue or lane towards the chateau, at a late hour in the evening, when he beheld the large black horse approaching him at a terrific pace. Its long wild mane was tossing and flying in the air, and Antoine fancied its eyes shone with a supernatural fire. The bridle was over its neck, and the saddle on its back, but no rider! And what was more strange, more darkly suspicious than all, the horse sped along the hard road in a mysteriously silent manner; its hoofs, in fact, not making more noise than those of a goat. Surely, after all, the marchioness had not been dreaming. They who had discredited her had been the fools.

The honest woodman was stricken with superstitious terror at the phenomenon. Though almost frightened out of his wits, he still looked after the flying horse, expecting every minute to see the earth open, and the creature leap into its stables in Hades, amidst fire and smoke. But the creature went straight on up the avenue, neither turning to the right nor the left; neither rising into the air nor descending into the bowels of the earth; for Antoine looked after, and watched it as long as he could see even the waving of its ample tail.

After this, there was nothing talked of at the Chateau Beauvoisin but the phantom-horse; and while the excitement was still reigning in the minds of the fair mistress of that household and her several retainers, Antoine made a special journey of inquiry into the matter, proceeding straight up the village at the end of it, and calling upon all his acquaintances and gossips there. But the whole affair was quite new to them; they had never seen or heard anything about this horse; nor had any one heard of an accident taking place, such as would account for a horse being seen without a rider. As for the said horse running without making any noise, all Antoine's friends scratched their heads again, and thought that rather too good not to be considered as a joke. Antoine had many a wrestling argument with them on the subject; and as argument is rather dry work, many a cup of wine was drunk while the subject was being discussed. To the latter circumstance must be ascribed the fact, that Antoine did not set out upon his return until the evening was somewhat advanced, notwithstanding that his route lay down the haunted avenue, unless he were disposed to make a circuit of several miles. The wine, while it had tempted him to prolong his stay, had also imparted to him some measure of a hazy, effervescent bravery. He broke away from his cronies with a laugh and a boast, and to all their taunts and jokes about the haunted lane and the phantom-horse, declared that he should be only too glad if he could meet the Evil One himself, for then perhaps his dark majesty would be kind enough to explain to him the mystery of the whole affair.

So Antoine set out upon his homeward walk. It was growing dark, but the stars were peeping forth, and it was the time of the new moon, and promised to be an evening at least light enough for one to walk home in comfort. The people were all retiring within their houses. As he passed along the straggling village street, many *jalousies* were closed, and many candles lighted. Notwithstanding the wine, Antoine soon began to think that it was a dreary thing to be out late by one's self, and to wish that the chateau were not so far away; and as exercise and the increasing cold qualified more and more the dauntless mood in which he had set forth, he began to look forward with considerable discomfort to that part of his journey where he should have to strike into the avenue wherein the equine apparition had been beheld by both himself and his mistress. With every step that brought him nearer to the spot, he grew more serious, till he might be said to be in a state not far from downright trepidation.

Antoine crossed himself many times that night. When one's nerves become excited, it is astonishing how much may be found to affright in the commonest sights and sounds. The swaying of a branch in the wind, the sighing and murmuring of the air amidst the leaves, gain a new significance in twilight hours, and when heard by ears prepared for alarms.

Thus honest Antoine was in such a state by the time he found himself at the top of the dreaded avenue, that he walked on muttering his prayers aloud and shutting his eyes every instant, for fear that the next step might reveal something horrible straight before him. A dark, dismal-looking house, surrounded on three sides by ancient, sombre trees—one of the country-seats of the Du Foinvert family, but very little used as a residence for many years past—stood by the side of the road a little way down. Antoine passed the gloomy mansion in particular dread, and was just beginning to breathe a little more freely as he cleared the deep shades of its surrounding trees, when suddenly he saw before him something advancing up the avenue, with a wild, swinging action, which he but too well remembered. It was the phantom-horse! Antoine rushed aside, and stood quaking beneath the trees. The creature came on, bounding, tearing, tossing; eyes shining, mane and tail flying, bridle and stirrups swinging; no rider on its back, no noise from its hoofs. It was gone, past and away, in an instant. Sick with terror, Antoine looked after it, expecting every moment to behold some terrific *denouement*; but what was his astonishment when he saw it stop right in front of the old house of the Count du Foinvert, and paw at the great wooden gate of the *porte cochere*, uttering at the same time a short, impatient neigh! And what when, almost immediately, he beheld one leaf of the gate opened from within, as if in obedience to the summons of the diabolical horse, which thereupon tossed its head and walked in, as proud and confident as a lord entering his own *castle!*

"The devil has taken apartments in the Chateau Foinvert!" exclaimed Antoine. "No wonder the family have not been able to live there all these years past; this accounts for it. This is the secret of the unlucky old house!"

When Antoine reached home that night, he was in such a state as to awaken the lively sympathy of his fellow domestics, from the coachman to the scullion; and when, after the administration of various stimulants, he related what he had seen, the whole household became suddenly oppressed with the sense of surrounding mystery, and believed unhesitatingly that the world was full of ghosts, spirits, enchanters, and emissaries of the Evil One.

In the morning, the marchioness heard the story from the lips of her own waiting-maid, and was immediately seized with an intense curiosity to know who lived in the Chateau Foinvert, and what was the meaning of it all; and, moreover, the marchioness, like a resolute young widow, fully believed that nothing in the world could prevent her getting to the bottom of it.

Almost immediately after breakfast she ordered her carriage, and taking with her the coachman, a footman, and Antoine, was driven to the Chateau Foinvert.

The gates were opened by a groom, who, in answer to an inquiry as to who was living in the house at present, answered:

"No one; but Monsieur the Count stops at the place occasionally, and, as it happens, is here now."

"Oh!" exclaimed the marchioness, "I was not aware Monsieur the Count did our neighborhood so much honor. Tell your master I beg to speak with him a moment on a subject which has given me much anxiety."

The words were hardly uttered, when a very elegantly dressed gentleman was observed emerging from one of the shaded walks beneath the ancient trees that surrounded the chateau. He was a personage of a distinguished and elegant presence, and apparently about twenty-nine or thirty years of age. His face was handsome; but in its already sunken cheeks and peculiar pallor, exhibited the ravages of a life of dissipation.—Seeing a carriage with attendants, and a very charming lady in it at his porte cochere, he hastened forward.

"There is Monsieur le Comte," said the groom, and then turning to his master, he exclaimed—the name having been communicated to him by the footman—"Madame la Marquise de Beauvoisin desires to speak with monsieur."

"Yes, monsieur," said the lively marchioness, inclining her head as the count bowed low before her. "I have come expressly to ask some impertinent questions."

"I shall be only too happy to answer any questions madame may do me the honor to ask," said the count, politely opening the door of the carriage, and handing the marchioness out. "Pray, step into my poor house. It is not well appointed, for we seldom come here now-a-days; but, at anyrate, we may find a chair for you to sit upon."

They passed into the house, and entering one of the rooms opening from the entrance-hall, the count placed a chair by the window for the marchioness, and drawing another for himself exactly opposite, sat down and prepared himself to hear what she had to say, with a gravity which in a slight measure discomposed the marchioness, who all the time was fully conscious that her visit was solely prompted by curiosity, and indeed was rather fearful that some of the questions she intended to ask might be of a somewhat hazardous sort.

"I am exceedingly anxious to know, monsieur," she commenced, "who it was that was thrown from his horse last night?"

"Thrown from his horse, madame! How—when—where?" asked the count in surprise.

"Well! that is what I am come to learn," said the marchioness. "It was a large black horse the gentleman had been riding, and the accident happened somewhere in this immediate neighborhood."

"It is the first I have heard of it," said the count, looking at his fair visitor with a peculiar smile, which might have expressed a grave surprise, and perhaps some other feeling. "I am extremely sorry that it is not in my power to afford any information on the subject; but you will forgive the shortcoming when I assure you that I know nothing about it myself."

"Possibly," said the marchioness, "your groom may know something about it."

"My groom has not been away from the house these two days, madame, and is not likely to know anything of what happened out of doors last night."

"And your other domestics?"

"Are all in Paris."

"What! only one groom?"

"Only one groom, madame—as I am here to-day and gone to-morrow."

"Very well, monsieur. Excuse my questions. I warned you they would be impertinent. The fact is, my servant saw a horse bridled and saddled running up the avenue last night, as if he had thrown some one and run away; and the affair has made me so uneasy that I have not been able to think of anything else ever since."

"That anxiety does great honor to your kind heart, dear madame," said the count. "I can assure you I regret very sincerely that I have not been thrown off my horse myself—so that I might be able to answer your inquiries, and have the honor and the pleasure of your compassion."

This was spoken with great gallantry, and the marchioness could not forbear a little blush; but she moved restlessly in her chair, as if annoyed at the thought of being baffled in the elucidation of a romantic mystery.

"Excuse me, monsieur, for my persistence," she went on; "but, as I am informed, this horse, saddled and bridled, but without a rider, stopped its headlong course at your gate, of all places in the world—and that the gate was opened, and he was let in. It was the fact of the creature running hither, indeed, that made me fear some one belonging to the house had met with the accident."

"It must be all a mistake, madame," said the count, smiling again. "Your servant's eyesight must have deceived him in the gloom of the evening. And—a black horse, too—did you not say a black horse?"

"Yes, monsieur—perfectly black."

"I have not such an animal. I have only one horse here, in fact, at present, and he is more white than black."

The marchioness blushed; it seemed as if she were doomed to be baffled.

"Well!" said she, rising from her chair, "there is certainly something mysterious about this affair; for on one occasion I saw this horse running up the avenue myself; and my servant has seen it twice. Is it not very remarkable, monsieur?"

"So remarkable, that I am altogether at a loss what to say or think about it. But that you may be satisfied that the horse in question is not mine, I will have my Rozinante brought out for your inspection."

"Three times, monsieur!—Is it not strange?" repeated the marchioness, with emphasis, looking into the face of the count.

"Sometimes in our lives we find it impossible to comprehend what we see and hear," said the count with a shrug, but still with the imperturbable smile which the disappointed marchioness found so intolerable. "However, I am well content to remain in wonder and ignorance, since the phenomenon has procured me the honor and pleasure of this visit."

"Ah, monsieur, I did not come with a disposition to joke; and am still inclined to regard these circumstances very seriously," the marchioness said, as she moved towards the door. "I shall take some further steps to clear up the mystery, for one cannot endure the thought of such things occurring in one's own neighborhood, and nobody able to make head or tail of them. Depend upon it, I will soon know what is the meaning of it all, monsieur!"

"Good-luck to your endeavors, my dear madame! and when you have made the discovery may I ask that you will honor me with a communication; for I also have been very much struck by what you have told me."

"Still, my good sir, you seem to treat it very lightly."

"I regard this mystery of mysteries as altogether a piece of good fortune for myself."

"For yourself, monsieur?"

"Yes, madame; for otherwise who knows how long I might have remained in ignorance of the most charming neighbor it was ever man's happiness to have."

"Ah, you are welcome to your badinage, monsieur!" exclaimed the marchioness, moving away towards her carriage with a swifter step, though she could restrain neither a laugh nor a blush.

In the courtyard, on one side of the gateway, she saw Antoine examining, with great steadfastness, a beautiful horse, which the groom was leading to and fro.

"There is the only animal I have here at present," said the count. "That, I suppose, is not the one you have been alluding to?"

"It is certainly not the same horse *I* saw," said the marchioness, curtly, for she was considerably piqued at the thought of her inquiries being all in vain.

"And you, sir," said the count to Antoine—"is this the animal you saw last night?"

"He's exactly the same size, your excellency, and has exactly the same swing of the head," answered Antoine, looking at the creature solemnly. "But he can't be the same, by reason of his breast and legs being white, whereas the other was all over as black as somebody's back."

"Ah, ha! we are all involved in an enigma!" cried the count, laughing, as he handed the marchioness into her carriage. "It is the most surprising thing I have heard for many a day; and I must own myself indebted to your ladyship for the excitement of a new sensation. It is quite refreshing to hear of a right down good mystery in one's own immediate neighborhood."

"At one's own door, you might have said, monsieur. However, not long shall it be a mystery; mark my words!" cried the marchioness, with a redoubtable shake of the head.

"Surely I hope not, since you have set your heart upon an *eclaircissement*," returned the count.

He mounted his horse; and as the charming widow, the Marchioness de Beauvoisin, rode home to her chateau, the Count de Foinvert rode by her carriage, talking gaily, and thanking his stars that the phantom-horse had been the means of making him acquainted with the most desirable of all possible neighbors.

A few days after this the count rode to the chateau of the marchioness to pay his respects to her; and before he went, he was conducted round her beautiful little estate, all the fine qualities of which he scanned with a very observant eye. When he departed, he bade her adieu, saying he was obliged to return to Paris, but should hasten back to the country again as soon as he was at liberty, and humbly hoped he might be permitted to improve further the acquaintance he had been so happy as to make.

Du Foinvert was a handsome and fascinating man, of distinguished family and rank; the marchioness was young and a widow, and life at the chateau was somewhat lonely for her. Very soon after this, the marchioness found herself seized with a strong desire to proceed to Paris also.

As her carriage was proceeding along the Boulevards, she observed a glittering party of gentlemen on horseback approaching, riding on either side, and in the wake of a very sumptuous chariot, drawn by four white ponies. In the chariot was seated a gentleman of a somewhat dissipated appearance, apparently beyond middle life, but still of a vivacious and lively temperament. This was the Duke of Orleans, cousin of the king, and afterwards celebrated as the *Egalite* of the Revolution. These, however, were the days of his luxury, pomp, and insouciant intrigues. On his right hand rode Du Foinvert, on his black and white horse, making about the finest and most interesting figure of the goodly company. The count raised his hat, and bowed low as he caught sight of his charming country neighbor in the carriage. The marchioness smiled and blushed, and bowed in return.

"Hey! what is the meaning of this?" exclaimed the duke. "Du Foinvert, what have you been about? Who is she?"

"The Marchioness de Beauvoisin—a neighbor of mine in the country, monseigneur," answered the count.

"A country neighbor come to town," returned the duke, looking up in the face of his young courtier with a scrutinising glance. "What! Du Foinvert actually blushes!"

"Not I, monseigneur. It is your fancy."

"No, no; my eyes are still good; and did I not see that the lady, your country neighbor, blushed also? I take it you are well disposed towards each other."

"It would become us to be so, monseigneur, since our houses are but little better than a gun-shot apart."

"You are right; and it is well to obey the behests of our most holy religion, which command us to love our neighbor as ourselves!—and especially when the neighbor happens to be a charming young marchioness. But, my dear Du Foinvert, where is her husband all the while?—Is he not accounted within the pale of neighborship?"

"The lady has not such a thing at present, monseigneur," said Du Foinvert. "Her partner is deceased, and she is keeping the shop open on her own account."

"My dear count, if she has capital, she would make an excellent partner—that, I warrant, has already had your due consideration. But I should like to see something more of this most amiable marchioness."

"My lord, I beg that a passing salutation, sincerely respectful on my part, may not lead you to fancy that that the lady is to be trifled with."

"Oh, don't be frightened! You wrong me in your jealous terror, my dear young friend. So far from being inclined to play any tricks, I feel myself warmly disposed to behave like a father to you—like a father to you, Du Foinvert. I see how you are disposed, and will make inquiry into the eligibility of the affair; excuse me, *mon ami!* simply paternal—simply paternal. I am afraid, my son, that, considering how you have been spending money lately, you must be near the bottom of the chest; and in that case the alliance may be advantageous. Confess, Du Foinvert, you have nearly got through all?"

"Never fear, my lord; I can find plenty more where I found the rest," returned Du Foinvert impatiently, the last words in a somewhat suppressed tone.

"Ah! but that is no reason why we should neglect this promising little affair," continued the duke. "In fact, I will send Madame the Marchioness an invitation for our little fete next Wednesday, and the Duchess de Blanverie shall be her chaperone."

"I have reason to believe that the marchioness, since her widowhood, leads a strictly secluded life."

"Only seeing a neighbor now and then, perhaps?"

"I mean to say, she never goes into society; and I am by no means of opinion that she would enjoy anything like the fete we are looking forward to at St. Cloud."

"Be not alarmed, my friend; she shall be humored *most assiduously—most delicately*; the sweet widow shall have her very whims respected. Be at rest, and confide in me, my dear Du Foinvert; confide in me, your paternal guardian."

Du Foinvert did not look by any means pleased, notwithstanding the gracious interest the duke manifested in his affairs. In sooth, he knew his grace far too well to be unable to appreciate correctly the paternal attachment accorded him; and he by no means relished the idea of his versatile patron coming between him and the widow Beauvoisin. When a man begins to entertain a tender passion, he does not feel inclined to allow the interference of an accomplished and powerful *roue*, however fair-sounding the offered countenance and encouragement of the latter. He does not want to be assisted in his love-affair by another, especially when that other considers all the choicest of the sex as fair game, and was never known to be troubled or restricted by anything like a scruple. Du Foinvert, therefore, anathematised with his whole heart the chance that had brought the marchioness and his own acquaintance with her under the observation of the duke; for by this time he had many times cast over in his mind the numerous graces and charms of the young widow, and the solid and substantial assistance her ample fortune might afford in the way of retrieving his affairs, which, to say the truth, were in a state of desperate embarrassment and confusion; and in helping him to begin life again with a clear course before him.

The duke was as good as his word. The marchioness received a polite and respectful invitation to honor the fete at St. Cloud with her presence, and the duke's very experienced friend, the Duchess de Blanverie, herself conveyed it to her, with assurance that it would afford her a pleasant evening, and that she, the duchess, would take care that she should not want the countenance and assistance of a good chaperone. What wonder that our young, vivacious, and beautiful widow was dazzled, and that she at once took it for granted that she could make an excellent figure, even amidst the glittering court of the ex-regent!

The appointed evening arrived; the gardens and terrace-walks of St. Cloud were splendidly illuminated, and the fine old chateau itself looked like the palace of a fairy tale—the radiance of myriad lights blazing from the windows. The carriage of the marchioness made one amidst the long train of equipages that were drawn up at the gates. The spirit of festivity was upon the place; the air was full of music, of the sound of gay and hilarious voices—of jest and laughter—of the dainty rustling of silks and satins—of the sparkling glitter of jewels and precious stones.

As soon as the marchioness entered the *salle d'entree*, the Duchess de Blanverie was by her side, all smiles and compliments. The young widow looked extremely handsome; her dress was unexceptionable, her diamonds unquestionable. The presence of a new beauty in that sphere was always a theme for observation, gossip, and speculation. The marchioness found herself an object of attention, and, in some quarters, of admiration, and straightway, woman as she was, began to felicitate herself upon her auspicious entrance into the highest society, and to feel interest and enjoyment in all that was going on around her.

She had been a couple of hours in the house, and was wondering whether she should see the Count du Foinvert there, as she had expected, he being one of the intimate associates of the duke; and whether, indeed, she should see the duke himself, for as yet he had not made his appearance in any of the groups through which she had passed. As she was still speculating on this probability, a voice at her shoulder pronounced her name in a low tone, and turning, she beheld the Duke of Orleans himself.

"You are thrice welcome, dear madame, to this house, and I am sorry to remember that we have never had the honor of your presence before," he said, with a courtly smile and bow.

"Monseigneur is very good!" exclaimed the marchioness.

"I am sorry to hear, my dear lady, of the sad repute into which your neighborhood has fallen. I hope and trust you may never share the fate to which so many who pass your road have been exposed."

"Monseigneur, you alarm me!" exclaimed the marchioness, in astonishment. "To what do you allude? What peril awaits those who pass along our road? I am very rarely in Paris—and thus do not hear the news."

"It is sad work! six robberies on the highway between St. Germain and Paris within the past month, and as yet not the slightest clue to the perpetrator; who, according to all accounts, is a *cavalier seul* mounted upon a black horse."

The marchioness started and turned pale with terror as a wild suspicion darted through her mind.

"Ah! you may well be affrighted, my dear young lady," said the duke. "I hope providence may save you from the wretch, whoever he may be. I have pledged my word, that immediately upon discovery he shall expiate his crimes upon the scaffold. But what is the matter, my dear madame? are you faint? are you ill?"

"Excuse me," said the marchioness, in great disorder. "A black horse, did you say? and on the St. Germain road? Then there have been robberies? Did I not see that horse myself, and did not Antoine see it twice, and did he not say it went straight to his door? Can it be possible!"

"What do you mean, my dear madame?" asked the duke, exceedingly astonished at the confusion and the agitated words of his fair visitor. "What horse did you see? and to whose door did it go?"

"Excuse me, monseigneur; the news has so startled me I hardly know what I am saying," answered the marchioness, seized now with a new terror. "There were some idle stories of a horse being seen running past my house without a rider—perhaps it belonged to some one who had been robbed."

"But to whose door did it run, my dear madame? Did you not speak of its going straight to some person's door?" asked the duke, with eager interest. "Come, come! I am delighted by the hope that you may be able to give us some clue to the villain. Society will be beholden to you, my dear marchioness."

"No, no! I know nothing whatever—I had heard of no robberies, before your grace informed me but this moment," said the poor lady, in extreme perplexity and alarm. "It is all fresh news to me."

"Ay! but this about the horse without a rider, which you have seen once, and which Antoine has seen twice, and which Antoine says went straight to somebody's door," persisted the duke impatiently. "To *whose* door, madame?"

"I cannot tell, monseigneur—it was late in the evening—the man himself was alarmed, and his statement is not to be trusted. My own inquiries have discovered that he was entirely mistaken—entirely mistaken. Excuse me, monseigneur—I could not, for my life, say a word which might throw suspicion upon an innocent person."

The duke looked round the salon with an eager glance. "Why is Du Foinvert not here?" he muttered gravely.

The marchioness blushed amidst her agitation at the mention of that name, and became still more distressed. The duke observed the circumstance, and smiled mischievously. "Take my arm, my dear madame. I will beg you to accompany me for a few moments."

He conducted her to a retired apartment, motioning first the Duchess de Blanverie to follow. When they were alone, he whispered some instructions in the ear of the latter, and she retired, leaving him with the marchioness.

"You have dropped some hints—some words, madame, which must be cleared up," he said with judicial gravity. "It is my belief you have it in your power to afford us a clue of importance: let me beg of you not to allow your timidity to impede the course of justice."

"You frighten me, monseigneur! What have I to do with the course of justice? All I know is, that I saw a horse run past my house one night without a rider."

"And Antoine saw it twice—and, pray, who is Antoine?"

"One of my servants."

"Bien! he shall be arrested. Doubtless he will be more communicative than his mistress."

"Oh, monseigneur, he is a gossiping noodle, and his statement is not to be trusted."

"We can judge of that when we hear what it is," rejoined the duke drily.

Here the Duchess de Blanverie re-entered the room, followed by six gentlemen of various ages, but most of them young, and wearing the gallant, reckless, and high-bred air of courtiers to the manner born.

"Behold, madame, the victims of the robber!" exclaimed the duke, waving his hand towards these gentlemen with a smile. "These six gentlemen have all been robbed within the past month by the mysterious cavalier seul, who rides upon a black horse."

"A horse that runs like the wind, and makes no more noise!" cried one. "Four hundred louis the villain cased me of."

"A horse whose hoofs you can hardly hear when he is galloping close at your side!" exclaimed another. "A thousand louis am I the poorer, entirely because I could not hear the creature coming after me!"

"Plainly a horse out of the devil's stables," added a fourth. "It's my belief the brute has wings. Six hundred and fifty louis, my friends!—no joke to lose."

And as the "victims" proceeded thus with their complaints, the agitation of the marchioness increased, for the peculiarity they all alluded to established the identity of the phantom horse.

"Gentlemen," said the duke, waving his hand with an inclination of his head towards the marchioness, "this lady and her servant have, on three occasions, seen a horse running away without a rider, in the neighborhood in which you were robbed. Her servant saw the animal go to a certain person's door. It is my belief that she may afford us some clue of importance, and I have called you to her presence in order that her pity may be excited, and induce her to reveal all she knows."

"Did the horse run in a strange, silent manner, madame?" asked one.

"It did—it did; but I know nothing about these robberies, and have never heard of them before," exclaimed the marchioness, her affright greatly increased.

"To whose door did it go?" cried the chorus.

"His name—madame, his name!"

"I would not cast suspicion upon an innocent person for the world!" exclaimed the marchioness.

"No harm shall befall the innocent, depend upon it, madame. His name, we pray you!"

"We must secure Antoine, the lady's servant," said the duke, as the marchioness still hesitated. "Him we will make more communicative."

He rang the bell, and to the dismay of the marchioness, Antoine, apparently frightened out of his wits, was hurried into the room by a couple of lackeys.

"I have sent for him, you see," said the duke. "Now we shall hear something."

He then proceeded to question the wondering Antoine as to all he knew about the phantom horse; and at length drew forth the whole of his story—the company learning that the horse had stopped at the country-house of the Count du Foinvert.

The name was echoed in a general shout the moment Antoine mentioned it.

"Du Foinvert! the villain!"

"Du Foinvert! the traitor!"

"Du Foinvert! the cheat!"

"I suspected it must be some one always present at our play," cried one; "for whenever any one gained a lucky pull, he was sure to be robbed!"

The duke laughed aloud, delighted by the strange scene of excitement he had brought about.

"Du Foinvert will be here in a minute—I have sent for him," said the duke. "Ha! ha! we will put him to the torture, gentlemen!"

Presently the count entered the room with his usual easy and nonchalant air; he started, however, when he saw the marchioness and Antoine, and noted who were present, and the strange looks they wore; but he quickly recovered himself, and with a gay laugh, cried: "Well, what's the matter?"

"The robber's horse," said the duke, "has been seen to run to your house, Du Foinvert—the horse with the muffled hoofs finds his home in your stables."

"Then you have found me out!" cried Du Foinvert with a hearty laugh. "You have indeed been very kind to let me go on so long. The horse is in your grace's stables, now, and his rider is your humble guest."

"Give me back my six hundred and fifty louis!"

"Restore my four hundred!"

"Return my thousand, count, this instant!"

The victims crowded round the desperate young rogue, shouting with rage, whilst he stood in the midst, laughing till he could barely stand.

"Pay back the money!" cried the gamesters—"pay back the money!"

"I have not a liard of it!" cried Du Foinvert still laughing. "But I can tell you where it is—every louis."

"Speak!"

"Where is it?"

"Let us hear."

"In his grace's pocket!" exclaimed Du Foinvert, pointing to the duke. "He won it from me, as fast as I could get it. Take it from him—take it from him!"

"If it comes to this," cried the duke, "it is time for me to be off!"

He shuffled away, but the party of gentlemen he had summoned rushed after him, Du Foinvert at their head, vociferating for their money; and thus the chase was continued through all the great rooms of the chateau, to the amusement and surprise of the company, until the duke took refuge in his private cabinet.

Such was this scene among the reckless gamblers who fluttered in the favor of the ex-regent. The only penalty laid upon Du Foinvert for his desperate method of raising resources was, that he should pay back half of his winnings to those he had robbed, in two annual instalments.

In the stables of his grace, were found the mufflers of leather lined with wool which had incased the hoofs of the phantom-horse, and the black-lead ball with which a sable hue had been imparted to its white legs and breast. Du Foinvert had no further use for them.

A still more characteristic trait of the times When the marchioness learned the secret of the apparition, and found that everything was quietly over, she at once gave her hand—and no empty one it was—to the ex-highwayman; and many a laugh she and her husband had in after days the adventure of the Phantom-Horse.

DUTY.

"How could you live with one who had wronged you so?"

"Because I felt it my duty," was the reply. "If I had forsaken him then, who would have cared for him? True, he had fallen immeasurably below man's estate; he had lost his truth, his honor, and in more than one respect, my confidence. But something in my heart—the voice of God—said it is your duty to uphold him now, and I obeyed the voice. On his death-bed he blessed me, not only that I had forgiven, but had kept sacred from my children the knowledge of his guilt. Suppose I had given way to the selfishness of revenge! My household had been broken up, my children disgraced, and I—should I have been happier to-day?"

Duty is cold and stern, but she repays the worshipper at her shrine. The path is sometimes hard to tread, and seldom flower-crowned; the sacrifice it calls for—and many times punishment, a crown of thorns—a nails in the hands, and cruel spear thrust side of our desires. But, oh! what glorious rewards she gives! See Florence Nightingale pierced with a thousand sorrows, as the writhing limbs and the chilling moans burdened her sense of sight and hearing. It was not pleasant to hold the shattered hand, to stand and gaze into great noisome wounds, but duty made it a holy task. The sick soldier seeing her pass, kissed her shadow with his grateful lips, as it fell upon his pillow; and in how many hearts her name awakens such emotions that it cannot be spoken but with tears of grateful joy.

Sad must be the fate and burdened the conscience of one who sacrifices duty lightly on the altar of any passion or desire. The mother who leaves her children at the call of fashion or frivolity, forfeits the sacred joys of home. Her recompense will come in after years, when the fruits of her neglect bring bitter sorrow, and it is all too late to retrace the fatal path. A thousand years of triumph in worldliness and vanity would not compensate for one hour misspent; and the calm, sweet triumph that reigns in the heart when it can look back upon duties nobly performed, repays for years of self-denial—ages of grief and sorrow. Lay down the sceptre of childish selfishness; your life is not to be a merry farce, that shall make all smile who look upon it. Come—

"To hallowed duty,
Here with a loyal and heroic heart
Bind ye your lives."

—*Boston Olive Branch.*

THE COVENANTERS' LAMENT FOR BOTHWELL BRIGG.

BY WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

The men of sin prevail!
Once more the Prince of this world lifts His horn
Judah is scattered as the chaff is borne
Before the stormy gale.

Where are our brethren? where
The good and true, the terrible and dear?
They whom we loved, with whom we sat at meat,
With whom we kneeled in prayer!

Mangled and marred they lie,
Upon the bloody pillow of their rest!
Stern Balfour, curious, and Claverse with a jest
Spurs his fierce charger by.

So let our souls rejoice
Woe to the Lord's foes! upon their impious heads
We call for comfort: to the God of Hosts
We will lift up our voice.

Give ear unto our song;
For we are wandering o'er our native land,
As sheep that have no shepherds, and the hand
Of wickedness is strong.

Only to Thee we bow.
Our lips have drained the fury of their cup;
And the deep murmure of our hearts go up
To heaven, for vengeance now.

Avenge,—oh, not our years
Of pain and wrong; the blood of martyrs shed;
The ashes heaped upon the hoary head;
The maidenly silent tears.

The babe torn from the breast;
The harvest blasted by the war-steed's hoof;
The red flame wreathing o'er the cottage roof;
Judge not for these to-day!

Is not Thine own dread rod
Marked by the proud, Thy holy book disdained?
Thy name blasphemed, Thy temples' courts profaned?
Avenge, Thyself, oh, God!

Break Pharaoh's iron crowns
Blind with new clouds their cables and their kings;
Wash from thy horse the blood of unclean things;
And hurl their Dagon down!

Come in thine own good time!
We will abide. We have not turned from thee;
Though in a world of grief our portion be,
Of bitter grief, and crime.

Be thou our guard and guide!
Forth from the spoiler's synagogue we go,
That we may worship where the torrents flow,
And where the whirlwinds ride.

From lonely rocks and caves
We will pour forth our sacrifice of prayer.
Oh, brethren, to the mountains! Rock we there
Safe temples, quiet graves.

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AN OFFICER OF THE NORTH PACIFIC SURVEYING AND EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

We Discover Coal in Kamtschatka.

Probably the most important accomplishment of our summer's cruise along the shores of the Ochotsk Sea, was the discovery of several strata of coal on the west coast of Kamtschatka, lat. 60 deg. 15 min. N., and long. 161 deg. 31 min. E. We had heard from a whaling captain, that it existed along the northern part of that coast, and that he had once picked up a boat-load of it on the beach, which burnt beautifully in his stove, &c., &c. But unfortunately he had not taken any observations for some weeks at the time of his discovery, and was consequently unable to give us its latitude and longitude within anything like reasonable limits. We only knew, therefore, that there was said to be coal along that coast at *some* point, and that unless we found it, the "old John" would be soon left to depend upon her sails alone for motive power, and our chance of ever reaching San Francisco be alarmingly decreased. We consequently kept a good look out as we ran along that broken coast, and in the end were amply rewarded for our pains.

It was about two hours after the noon of July 30th, 1855, that we threw our main-topsail to the mast, stopped the engine, and hove-to off the entrance of what promised to be a fine and extensive harbor, which we subsequently determined to be in the above latitude and longitude. We had followed the coast down very closely heretofore, and as the general appearance of the land about this entrance gave greater indication of the existence of coal than any we had yet seen, the captain determined to run in for the night at sayrate, and leave again the next morning should we fail in discovering any.

As we had no chart of this harbor, however, and as we could see a huge pile of rocks off its mouth, and as there was a very heavy swell running at the time, it would have been anything but prudent to have risked the ship by entering without some previous examination, and so a boat was lowered, and I having the watch below, was called to go in her. We had a fine time getting in after we once got started, for the light whale boat skimmed over the heavy swells like a feather, sinking out of sight in their deep valleys, or being lifted upon their rolling breasts, as the case might be. We stopped every two minutes to get a cast of the lead, until the water began to shoal to ten or twelve fathoms, when we began to cast it as fast as it could be hauled in.

As we thus pulled in towards the passage the harbor opened beautifully, and I began to think that we were finding a magnificently protected anchorage on those inhospitable shores, when [illegible] the lead gave but four fathoms, then [illegible] lastly only two, as the depth of water. [illegible] ately turned and pulled at right [illegible] our former course, when the water deepened, seeming to promise a fair anchorage under the "huge pile of rocks" already alluded to, and which I now found to lie right in the centre of the entrance to the bay. As I pulled in this new direction, and looked back at the harbor, there could not have been presented a more promising appearance of good entry and subsequent shelter.

It was in the form of a pot-hook, the handle being represented by the main land, and the hook part, by a towering and curved promontory, while the "huge pile of rocks" which proved to be one immense cone, surrounded by an infinite number of smaller ones, was situated equidistant from either of those points, and about a mile seaward of an imaginary line drawn from the point of the hook to the opposite side of the handle. At this latter extremity of the line, where it joined the main land, were to be seen several mound-like objects, having posts and poles stuck in and around them, and looking very much like one of the half-buried villages of which we had read as being common to Kamtschatka. I could see no smoke, however, and thence concluded them to be uninhabited.

In passing the rock for which I was now pulling back, I had expected to find good water inside of the hook, but upon arriving at our imaginary line it had shoaled, as I say, to two fathoms, and so having given up all hope of finding an anchorage for the ship inside of the hook, I was now hunting for one under the shelter of the rock. This latter, though quite small when compared with the false harbor, was nevertheless quite large enough to break the sea as it rolled in, thus creating a kind of uneasy anchorage under its lee, that was only acceptable from the fact of there *being no other*; and I therefore picked out a twelve fathom hole, having a mud bottom and passably smooth surface, and having let go our little anchor near its centre, hoisted a flag as a signal to the ship, which had been following the boat slowly in, that she might proceed that far any rate without danger. In about ten minutes after this, she was alongside of us, where she let go her anchor and commenced to roll with such energy, that we experienced no little difficulty in approaching and climbing once more over her rusty old sides.

The noise created by the chain in running out after the anchor, seemed to cause considerable alarm to immense numbers of a large and black duck-like bird, that had their thousands of nests in the crevices of the rock under which we had anchored, and who left said nests with a sharp, discordant cry, as the unusual sounds startled them in their isolated haunt, and caused them to fly over and about us in inconceivable numbers. They proved to be the aquatic fowl vulgarly known as the Shag, and to the ornithologist as the "Phalacrocorax Cristatus"—a crested, long-necked cormorant, that we subsequently shot in great numbers as an article of food, (don't start, reader,) though I must acknowledge that the captain, and a few other philosophers, were the only ones that ever succeeded in the treble task of swallowing, keeping down, and "properly digesting" their, to me, unsavory flesh. From the *immense* numbers of this bird which covered this pile of rocks, we called the principal one "Shag Rock," and as such included it in our survey.

We had no sooner furled sails (to turn to another subject) and got the ropes laid up about the decks, than two boats were called away, one to go in search of coal, along the inner shore of the curved promontory, and the other to follow down the main land to the bottom of the pot-hook. In the first of those boats went the Captain and Le Tellier, our Chief Engineer; while in the stern sheets of the second, reposed Hos[illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] living. [illegible] were all males, [illegible], and the entire apparent population of the village did not exceed fifteen souls. What they had done with their women and female children, we never could ascertain, though we remained with them a week, during which time we traversed much of the surrounding country without seeing a sign of another living creature, not even so much as a bear. We finally concluded that they had some inner settlement, to which they had sent them for safe keeping, and wisely gave up all idea of ever learning anything on the subject. But let us return to Shag Rock.

While we were seated around our long mess table, gazing vacantly at the overrated parrots, and slowly making up our minds to commence the attack upon a huge piece of salt pork, the quarter-master came down and reported that the tide had already fallen five fathoms, and that it was *still* falling. So, as we had heard from whalers of these tides sometimes falling so much as to leave a ship anchored high and dry upon the rocks, we hurried on deck to see what it all meant. Upon looking around, we were surprised to see the whole hook of the harbor some distance above the surface of the water, while pointed rocks had sprung up between us and the larger one under which we were anchored, like magic. This was the more singular, as we had noticed no upper current indicative of such a great rise and fall of tide, and we wondered, without well knowing what to make of it, or what to expect next. Fortunately we still had seven fathoms under us, and as it only fell one more, our minds were put to rest.

In my next letter I shall say something more of the rise and fall of those tides, and enlarge upon the coal vein, and the singular people who lived in the mound-like houses within a mile of the deposit, without being apparently aware of its use or value.

☞ Washington once said to his soldiers: "Boys, when the enemy lay down their arms, don't hurrah; posterity will hurrah for you."

FISH-HATCHING APPARATUS, AT PARIS.

AN AMUSING PROPHECY.

LORENZO DOW AND FRANKLIN PIERCE.

During a recent trip to New Hampshire, a grave citizen of that territory relieved the tedium of some twenty miles over the Eastern Railroad by the recital of a prophecy made many years ago by Lorenzo Dow, regarding Franklin Pierce, then Representative in Congress. We cannot look to the chronology, but hope for the credit of our friend that Lorenzo Dow didn't die some dozen years before the time on which his story was based. Our friend's twenty-mile story we condense as follows;

When Mr. Pierce was Representative in Congress from New Hampshire he was called upon in Washington by the celebrated long-bearded preacher, Lorenzo Dow, who claimed to powers to prophecy and went about the country, with staff in hand, and girdled like John the Baptist. He was a remarkable man anyhow, and won many proselytes by his wonderful and mysterious power. He swayed men, as trees are swayed by the wind, and his out-door sermons brought many a hardened sinner to repentance. Mr. Pierce was in his room at his inn engaged in writing, when the waiter rapped upon the door and informed him that a rough-and-tumble old fellow down stairs wanted to see him.

"Tell him I am engaged," said Mr. Pierce.

"I've done so, already, sir," said the man, "but he won't budge. Indeed, he's the queerest old chap I've ever seen, yer honor."

"Go down and find out his name, Jim," said Mr. Pierce, "and if the old fellow wants to see me very much, tell him to come again—I'm very busy now."

The man went down, and Mr. Pierce resumed his writing.

"Devil a bit he'll go, your honor," said the waiter, again looking in, grinning prodigiously; "he says his name is Dow, and must see you, because he's got a message for you."

"Well, Jim," said Mr. Pierce, with the good humor that always characterized him, "show him up."

In a few moments the gaunt and sunburnt "Wandering Jew," as he was called, stood in the chamber, where he was cordially received by its occupant, who invited him to be seated until he should finish his writing. The strange man complied, and when the writing was completed, Mr. Pierce informed him that official duties called him to the Capitol, and invited him to walk thither with him. They left the room together, and when about leaving the house Mr. Dow remembered that he had left his staff behind, and coolly ordered Mr. Pierce to go back and bring it, which he good-humoredly did, and the two proceeded down Pennsylvania Avenue together, attracting much attention by the contrast—the one dressed in the elegance of fashion, the other in a garb not like anything in this world, nor, it is hoped, in that which is to come. Mr. Pierce, with the politeness of the true gentleman, made no sign by which it could be inferred that he felt ashamed of his companion, and walked on with him to the steps of the capitol.

Here the prophet stopped. He had, up to this moment, said nothing of the mission of which he had informed the servant, but now he said:

"Friend Franklin, I have something to tell you that affects your coming life. You are now a Representative in Congress. You will be sent back to Congress, but not to this house. After this you will be sent back here again, but not as Congressman, and then you will be sent here no more. But a higher mission awaits you—you will become a minister of the Gospel of Christ!" Saying this, he turned away suddenly, without further word of explanation, and the President-to-be, walked up the steps and entered upon his duties, laughing at the prophecy so strangely made, which he regarded as the mere figment of a diseased brain. The sequel proved two-thirds of the prophecy true, and whether the balance will be verified remains to be seen.

The story was told by one who firmly believed it was true, and we listened with the attention which it deserved, with the reflection that more unlikely things have come to pass.—*Boston Gazette.*

☞ Mutually Embarrassing Questions.—When Sir Charles Napier recently visited St. Petersburg, the Grand Duke Constantine, after showing him the arrangements and the entire strength of Cronstadt, asked him in a chuckling sort of manner: "Well, Admiral, why didn't you come in?" To which Sir Charles replied: "Pray, why did not your Imperial Highness come out?"

CLEANLINESS.

There is a proverb in the Levant, that "no Prince ever died of the plague," which means that the many resources which opulence affords are preventives against contagion. Accordingly, we find that in those Mahometan countries, where the plague rages with the greatest violence, but few of those who enjoy the first offices of the State are ever attacked with the distemper, although according to the precepts of Mahomet, they are obliged to appear in public at all times, and must comply with general custom in giving their hands to be kissed indiscriminately by every Moor who comes to beg justice, or throw himself under their protection.

At a time when the plague at Algiers destroyed many thousands of the populace, who easily caught the infection from their negligence respecting their persons, but *two* out of *three hundred* officers, belonging to the Dey's household, were attacked with this mortal sickness.

Nor is cleanliness beneficial only in contagious disorders. Filth engenders corruption, taints the atmosphere, and predisposes the system to disease. And when an epidemic prevails, those persons who are particularly cleanly in their habits, are less likely to become victims to indisposition, than those who pursue an opposite course.

The importance of well ventilated rooms, cannot be too strongly urged upon the attendants of the sick. A free circulation of air is not only beneficial to persons laboring under severe attacks of illness, but is absolutely necessary for the preservation of the health of those who linger by the bedside of a diseased friend. It is said by medical men that there is no kind of *malaria* more pernicious and fatal in its effects, than *the poisonous atmosphere of an unventilated chamber where a person is suffering from a violent attack of an acute disease.* Here lies the mystery of the *contagiousness* of epidemics.

A celebrated English physician, (Dr. Smith on Fever,) says that "the room of a fever patient, in a small and heated apartment, in a populous city, with no circulation of fresh air, is perfectly analagous to a stagnant pool in Ethiopia, full of the bodies of dead locusts. Nature with her burning sun, her stilled and pent up wind, her stagnant and teeming marsh, manufactures plague on a large and fearful scale; poverty in her hut, covered with rags, surrounded with filth, striving with all her might to keep out the pure air, and to increase the heat, imitates nature *but* too successfully! the process and the product are the same—the only difference is the magnitude of the result. Penury and ignorance can thus at any time, and in any place, create a mortal plague."

Removal of Savages.—One of the most singular incidents in colonial history was the removal of savages from Van Dieman's Land by a single man, after twenty-seven thousand pounds had been spent to no purpose in a war against them. A person named Robinson, a bricklayer by trade, but an active and intelligent man, undertook and performed the singular service of bringing every aboriginal man, woman and child quietly, peaceable, and willingly into Hobart Town; whence they were shipped to Flinders Island. This island is between forty and fifty miles in length, and from twelve to eighteen in width. It abounds with the smaller species of kangaroo, &c.; the coasts are plentifully supplied with fish, and, in addition to this abundance of their natural food, the natives were provided, at the expense of the colony, with dwellings, ample rations of flour and meat, bedding, clothes, garden implements, seeds, fishing-tackle, and all things which could be necessary for their present or improved condition; besides medical attendance, and the means of careful and judicious instruction in all things fitting or possible for them to learn. From the time of Mr. Robinson's capture, or rather persuasion, of the natives to follow him, a complete change took place in the island; the remote stock stations were again resorted to, and guns were no longer carried between the handles of the plough. The means of persuasion employed by Mr. Robinson to induce the natives to submit to his guidance have ever been a mystery to me. He went into the bush unarmed, and accompanied by an aboriginal woman, his sole companion.—*Account of Van Dieman's Land.*

☞ A "tough" subscriber to a country paper was struck from its mail list, because he wouldn't pay up. The delinquent's wife insisted wrathfully that "she knew what was newspaper law—that she did—the proprietor was *bound* to send the paper *until all arrearages were paid.*"

PARIS EXHIBITION OF FISH HATCHING.

At the Paris Agricultural Show, the Fish-Hatching apparatus, of which we give an illustration, attracted a good deal of attention as a kind of epitome of the experiments which have been carried out by the French Government for re-stocking the principal rivers and lakes of that kingdom with salmon, trout, carp, and cray-fish.

It is curious that this art should have been so long neglected. It was practised by the Romans, and has always been employed by the Chinese for raising gold and silver fish. A paper on the subject was brought before the Berlin Academy of Science, somewhere about 1797. But the present art as practised successfully in France is a complete re-discovery, or as to apparatus, re-invention. But by far the latest and most interesting account of the practical results of this new and curious branch of industry is to be found in the "Report of the committee upon the experiments conducted at Stormonfield, near Perth, for the artificial propagation of salmon, read before the British Association, at Cheltenham, by Sir William Jardine."

Attention was first called to the subject by the highly-successful experiments carried out in France, under the patronage of the Government. The example was followed by Mr. Garnett, at Clitheroe, and by the Messrs. Ashworth, of Bolton, in Lancashire, on the estates which they purchased at Outerard, in Ireland, for the purpose of endeavoring to ameliorate the condition of the people of that country after the famine years. These experiments attracted the attention of the parties interested in the fisheries of the Tay, where of late years a serious diminution had taken place in the stock of salmon.

On the 10th of July, 1852, a meeting of the proprietors of the river was held at Perth to consider the subject. Mr. Thomas Ashworth attended, and explained the operations that had been carried on by himself and his brother, Mr. Edmund Ashworth, at their fisheries in Ireland.—The Earl of Mansfield, the chairman, gave leave to select the most favorable site for the purpose from his estates, and Stormontfield Mill, not far from the Palace of Scone, was chosen. "A gentle slope from the lade (qy. weir?) which supplies the mill, offered every facility for the equable flow of water through the boxes and ponds. Three hundred boxes were laid down in twenty-five parallel rows; each box partly filled with clean gravel and pebbles, and protected at both ends with zinc grating, to exclude trout and insects. Filtering-beds were formed at the head and foot of the rows; and a pond for the reception of the fry was constructed immediately below the hatching ground. On the 23rd of November operations were commenced," that is to say, the net was put in requisition to catch female fish from the spawning-beds of the Tay, ripe for spawning, and to each six to ten female fish, one or more male fish. The females in proper condition gave forth their ova on gentle pressure, and after being relieved, swam away quite lively. These ova were duly impregnated by the milt of the male fish. By the 28rd of December three hundred thousand ova were deposited in the boxes.

The progress of fecundation and depositing the ova in boxes was conducted by Mr. Ramsbottom. The ova was placed as much as possible in the same condition as they would have been by the salmon on natural spawning beds, but with the advantage of being protected from a variety of accidents and enemies. Sometimes the alluvial matter floating in times of flood will bury the ova too deep for the young fry to escape, even if hatched; some times floods will sweep away whole spawning beds, and at all times fish and waterfowl prey greedily on the spawn before, and the young fry after, hatching has taken place. In the boxes the ova are protected from injury, large numbers are hatched, and the young are reared in safety. On the 31st of March, 1854, the first ovum was hatched, and the greater number of the remainder followed in April and May, and swarm about the boxes. In June they were admitted into the pond, their average size being about an inch and a half in length. They were fed daily on boiled liver rubbed small with the hand. In the spring of 1855, notwithstanding a severe winter they were found to have increased in size to the average of three or four inches in length.

After two meetings on the subject, it having been found that a considerable number of the fry had become "actual smolts," the Committee determined to allow them to depart, instead of detaining them for another year; and on the 19th of May the sluice from the pond communicating with the Tay was opened; but none of the fry showed any inclination to leave the pond until the 24th of May, when the larger and more mature smolts, after having held themselves detached from the others for several days, went off in a body. A series of similar emigrations took place until fully one-half of the fry had left the pond and made their way by the sluice to the Tay. And now come to light facts proving that two apparently contradictory theories as to the progressive growth of the salmon are both true. The fry that continued in the ponds remained during the winter, scarcely increasing in size, "parrs," and did not weigh more than one ounce, each at a time when, between 29th May and 31st July, smolts that had been marked on their departure were recaught as grilse on their return migration to the river, weighing progressively, according to date of capture, 5 lbs., 7 lbs., to 8 lbs.; and on the 31st July, not less than 9½ lbs., all gained in two months, while the milt in the male "parrs" of an ounce was as much developed as in their brethren of the same age of seven or eight pounds weight.

In the winter of 1855-56, the fry were still "parr," healthy, but not increasing in size. In April, from the 26th to the 28th, they rapidly turned into smolts, and went daily in shoals from the pond to the river.

Sir William Jardine observes:—

The experiment of fish-hatching may now be said to be completed. The results have been satisfactory in two ways: in showing the practicability of hatching, rearing, and maintaining in health a very large number of young fish for a period of two years; it has also been proved that young fish turned out as smolts return as grilses within a period of from five to ten weeks. Thus salmon of marketable value may be raised and reared within twenty months. It is supposed that 120,000 fry left the ponds in 1855, of which 300 were marked with silver rings, and 1,135 by cutting off the lower part of the tail diagonally.

Now that fish hatching has become an operation as certain as pheasant-hatching, it may be worth the while of owners of suburban hotels and gardens to consider whether they might not create a new attraction wherever they have water flow, by making a series of trout roaring and feeding ponds. In some places the works might be made to pay in the fish reared without the fishing attraction.

THE KING-FATHER UPON ALL FOURS

Henry the Fourth, who was fond of his children, was one day found in a curious predicament for a monarch. An ambassador entering his apartment, found him upon all fours, with his children on his back. He relieved the ambassador from his embarrassment by saying:

"Sir, you are a father?"

"I am, sire."

"Then I need say no more."

Henry the Fourth was a jewel; no matter if he did have faults, a thousand or so, he loved his children; and every man that loves dear little children, will go to Heaven, (if he does not commit too many sins to overbalance that one lovely trait of character.) We do despise your domestic bears, who growl every time a child comes in sight of them; who wouldn't be seen kissing a baby for a world—who never think of speaking at home unless to issue some royal edict; but sit there, so mum and grum, and *solemn-choly*, that nobody dares to say "boo" within a half a league of them, from morning till night.

We have seen some of those "grand moguls," who seem to send a saddening influence ahead of them, whenever they approached their homes; as the east wind precedes the equinoctial storm; just the very moment that their supreme highnesses appeared at the gate, the little ones would hush their laughter, fold their dear, little hands, and look as demure as so many whipped puppies.

"Papa's coming—hush! Nellie!"

"Oh, Peter, there he comes—and before our play is out—isn't it too bad; there, put up those marbles, Billy, you know your papa can't bear the least bit of noise—how long do you think he'll be in the house, mamma?"

And doesn't her countenance speak a volume then, which contradicts those very proper and becoming words: "He is your dear papa—you should wish to have him always with you." She knows he is a tyrant—nobody need tell her *that*. A "change" has "come o'er the spirit of her dream," since he used to pick up her glove in the ice cream saloon, and utter such double-distilled nonsense, that it melted and evaporated in a blush of mortification, on the very threshold of what he was pleased to call her "sweet vermillion lips." (There, havn't we reached the sublime this time?)

Thank Heaven and common sense, such husbands and fathers are few and far between. On the contrary, the world is full of good "King Henry's," who are the light and joy of the little family circle; whose children laugh a loud, wild laugh of joy at their approach, and whose wives forget the little vexations and cares of the day, the moment they appear, with their great soulful smiles, and soft, sympathising words. Oh, we do not by any means believe in new-fashioned "free love," but we do love and reverence every kind, affectionate husband father. The married man is the sun of the domestic system, and if that sun is forever hidden behind clouds and storm, true happiness is a stranger beneath his roof.

Just in Time.—A young physician having tried in vain to get into practice, at last fell upon the following expedient to set the ball rolling. He sprang upon his horse once a day, and drove at full speed through the village. After an absence of an hour he would return, and carry with him some of his instruments—thinking if he could impress his neighbors that he had practice, they would begin to place confidence in his ability. A wag, who more than suspected the deceit which he was practising, determined to know the truth. He accordingly kept his horse in readiness, and the next time the doctor galloped by his door, sprang on his steed and placed himself on the young gentleman's trail. The doctor saw the man following at his heels, but did not, at first, evince any uneasiness. At length, however, he thought it advisable to turn down a narrow lane. The pursuer followed on like an evil genius; but the doctor was not discouraged, as another road lay a short distance ahead of him, down which he turned. The other kept close at his heels, and the doctor grew impatient to return home. There was no house by the way at which he could afford any pretext for stopping. In the meantime his saddle-bags were with him, and he was otherwise equipped for business, so that he could not return in the face of his neighbor without exposing the secrets of the trade in the most palpable manner.

Every bound of his steed carried him farther from his home, and the shades of night began to fall on hill and tower. Still the sound of horses' hoofs were thundering in his ear, and he was driven to his wit's end; but just as he turned the angle of a wood, he heard a low moan. A man lay prostrate near the fence of a meadow, and blood gushed from a fearful wound in his arm. He had cut an artery with his scythe, and was in danger of immediate dissolution. The young doctor sprang from his horse and staunched the wound. Bandages were applied, and his life was saved. The pursuer had also thrown himself from his horse, and as the physician tied up the last bandage, he looked up in his face and said, "How lucky, neighbor, that I was able to arrive just in time."

The wondering spectator was silent with awe, and after assisting the wounded man home, he told such a miraculous tale to the wondering villagers, as secured to the young physician a reputation not only for skill, but also for supernatural prescience. Thus did the merest accident contribute more to his advancement than years of studious toil could have done; and the impertinent curiosity of a waggish neighbor opened for him a path to business which the most influential patronage might never have been able to provide for him.

Self-Culture.—It is our business to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the utmost vigor and maturity every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature. To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth; so to be patriots as not to forget we are gentlemen. To cultivate friendships, and to incur enmities. To model our principles to our duties and situation. To be fully persuaded that all virtue which is impracticable is spurious; and rather to run the risk of falling into faults in a course which leads us to act with effect and energy than to loiter out our days without blame and without use. He trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as he that goes over to the enemy.—*Burke.*

Power of Instinct.—The sluggish sea-turtle loves her home. A huge creature of this kind was caught by English sailors near the Island of Ascension, who burnt a name and date into its upper shell. On the way to England it fell sick, and from sheer pity it was thrown overboard in the English Channel. Two years later the same turtle was captured once more, now quite well, near its old home, Ascension. What strange and inexplicable home-sickness carried the slow, heartless creature 4,000 miles back through "the ocean, where there is no track and no high-road?"

COURT SCANDAL IN PARIS.

During the last winter the conduct of his Imperial Majesty had been anything but what can be termed regular, and his health had been much the worse for his excesses. The brain showed manifest signs of weakness, and considerable alarm was felt by those around him. One fair lady, in particular, had been the object of the Imperial attentions, but a coldness had ensued when the journey to Plombieres effected a reconciliation. At Plombieres, unfortunately, more than one witness can speak to the exceeding irregularities committed. Upon his return, those near the Emperor were painfully affected by the often-repeated proof he gave of cerebral perturbation. The word "absences" was used to characterize this state, but these "absences" were upon one or two occasions so strong that between those most immediately called upon to watch and assist in guiding the progress of circumstances, the near eventuality of a regency was more than once seriously discussed. The Emperor was most solemnly warned by his medical attendants, but he left Paris for Biarritz undetermined to stay at the seaside, and without giving up his project of returning to Paris alone. However, at Biarritz his resolution was at length taken to remain during the whole time of the Empress's stay, and when he returned to St. Cloud it was the positive opinion of all his medical advisors that the crisis had been for the moment entirely warded off, but that he absolutely must resolve to lead a regular life under pain of the gravest possible consequences.

Now, as the chronicles of palaces are matters of history, I will enter into some few other details that indirectly bear upon all his. For the first eighteen months or two years after his marriage, it is a matter of European notoriety how strictly the Empress was imprisoned in an etiquette which it is one of Louis Napoleon's vanities to render as starched and stiff as that practised at the Courts of what are termed the "legitimate" monarchs of Europe. Like all things affected, this was carried to a perfectly ridiculous pitch, and the Empress, by a life so contrary to all her antecedents and habits, was made proportionably unhappy. This gave way, however, from the moment when, by concessions in his own interior, the Emperor sought to secure indulgence for his behaviour out of doors; and the result is, now, almost free permission for the Empress to resume the habits which were familiar to her as Mdlle. Montijo, and which, however innocent they may appear to us, are regarded by public opinion in this country as unpardonable eccentricities. For instance, two little anecdotes will suffice to illustrate the position. Very shortly after her marriage, the Empress declared she would go out and take a walk in the streets of Paris; but grand mistress, the Princess d'Essling, appeared, self-summoned, and said the proceeding was contrary to etiquette, but that if her majesty chose she was willing to follow her majesty in a carriage and go whither her majesty thought fit. A scene ensued; the Empress was angry and flew to the Emperor to be supported against Madame d'Essling; but the Emperor very gently, but inflexibly, supported the grand mistress, and the Empress found that her liberty was lost. The other day, when the Emperor had left for Plombieres, Madame d'Essling appeared ready to mount guard over the Empress, to whom she very quietly observed, that the instant the Emperor was absent the duties of her office called upon her not to leave the Empress! "That is what we shall see," was the indignant reply; and a telegraphic dispatch to Plombieres upon the very instant demanded whether it was intended to appoint a *duenna* to watch over the actions of the imperial prince's mother? This time the reply was that the Empress was at liberty to do as she liked with Madame d'Essling. In this respect everything is altered, and the pony phaetons driven by the Empress herself, her attendance at bull fights dressed in the Spanish costume, and her shooting at St. Cloud, attired in a sort of fancy dress, all these seemingly little incidents are signs to those who live in the close intimacy of the Imperial Court. You must live in the heart of French society to know how severely these various fancies of the Emperor are judged by high and low, and by the imperialists as much as by others; but Louis Napoleon has lost the right to gainsay his wife's wishes, and he could now with great difficulty compel her to that frigid dignity, to that perpetual observance of decorum which French prejudice in all ranks exacts from persons of exalted rank.

One of his oldest friends, speaking to me yesterday of Louis Napoleon, said, "I think I see him now before me, as he went one day with the Empress and all their suite to inspect the works at the Elysee. The Empress, with a bound, nearly a jump, crossed some planks, when in an instant the Emperor, telling her sharply to stop, came to her side, took hold of her arm, and said in a loud tone of great displeasure, 'Do walk as you ought to do, Eugenie; what will all these people think of you?'" and my interlocutor added, shaking his head, "I am afraid he would not stop her now; I am afraid he has no longer the right to make any observation."—*Manchester Guardian Correspondent.*

A WELL OF GAS IN MICHIGAN.—We learn from the Mt. Clemens Advocate that a gas spring has been discovered on the premises of Mr. Rose, about four miles above New Baltimore, on the border of Lake St. Clair. Some workmen had been for a considerable time engaged in digging a well on Mr. Rose's premises, a rod or so northwest of the house, which is of brick and newly built, and had, by digging and boring in all, attained the depth of seventy-five feet. They had drawn up the auger to the place where they left off digging and commenced boring, and there left it, with some other tools, and were at dinner, when they were startled by a violent noise, at first like an explosion, and then followed a roar like "blowing off" a large steam boiler, accompanied by a very perceptible trembling of the foundation of the house. As may be supposed, the inmates rushed out and beheld, to their utter astonishment and consternation, the well vomiting forth a huge column of sand with such a force as to throw it to the height of over two hundred feet.

Limbs on a tree close by, some of them two and three inches through, were knocked off and broken in pieces by the coarse gravel and pebbles as they would have been by a shower of musket balls; the body of the tree and the apple tree orchards for thirty yards away, were plastered thick with sand and mud; the auger was blown one hundred and fifty feet into the air, and fell at a distance of one hundred and fifty feet from the well; a stone weighing sixteen pounds was thrown up nearly the same height and fell a hundred yards off. The ground for full an acre in extent was covered with gravel and sand to the depth of from one to six inches. The gas has been several times ignited, and burns with a beautiful white flame; and though the well has been filled up, for fear that the entire underpinning of the Swan Creek county might be scattered to the four winds, the current of gas is so strong that it finds its way through several crevices and around the edges of the wall, and may be at any time ignited, as it often is, for the satisfaction of visitors.—*Detroit Tribune.*

THE SCOAR CANE EXPEDITION.—An expedition similar to that which was sent to Arabia and Asia Minor to procure camels, has been fitted out, under the direction of the Commissioner of Patents, to proceed to South America, for the purpose of procuring a fresh supply of cuttings of sugar cane for experiment in the Southern States. The U. S. brig Release, under the command of Capt. Simms, sailed from the Brooklyn Navy Yard, New York, on the 5th inst., having on board the necessary number and materials for one thousand and eight boxes, each about three feet in length, in which to pack the sugar cane cuttings. Mr. Townsend Glover has been designated to accompany this expedition and make the selections.

Mr. Glover was also authorized to procure any valuable seeds that would be likely to thrive in any part of the United States.

The expedition is expected to return to New Orleans some time in January.

NEWS FROM UTAH.—Intelligence from Salt Lake to the 1st of October, has been received.

The small pox was spreading in the Territory, and means were being taken to guard against its increase.

The arrival of Capt. Edmund Ellsworth's company at Salt Lake City, on the 26th of September, was the occasion of great rejoicing and a public reception on a large scale. The company formed a handcart train, which had journeyed across the Plains, a distance of 1,300 miles, often travelling twenty-five and thirty miles a day. The health of the party was said to be better than is usual on ox trains.

NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA.

The U. S. mail steamer George Law arrived at New York from Aspinwall on the 15th inst. She brings no news of great moment. The latest dates are of Oct. 20th.

The Alta Californian says: The excitement consequent upon the action of the Vigilance Committee has abated with the dissolution of that organization. As a body, the Committee exists no longer; though, doubtless, the individual members hold themselves in readiness to act as a unit, should any exigency arise requiring their mutual co-operation. It is to be hoped, however, that no such contingency will happen, and that its present disbanding will be final and complete. Such is the earnest purpose and desire of the Committee themselves, and nothing will defeat this determination but some act on the part of their opponents compelling the members to reunite for their own safety.

Great attention was being paid to political affairs throughout the entire State, and how California will cast her vote on the Presidential question was matter of entire doubt. The reception of the Maine news has no doubt acted favorably on the Republican cause, and inspired its supporters with additional hope of success. Still this does not appear to have impaired the confidence of either of the other parties in their ability to carry the State.

Several severe fires have taken place. One occurred in Minesota, Sierra County, which destroyed nearly the whole town. Fourteen buildings were also destroyed at Gold Hill, about thirteen miles from Nevada. Several buildings near Grass Valley, on the Nevada road, were also burned the next day. On the 7th of October, a destructive fire occurred at Placerville, by which property to the amount of over $50,000 was consumed. The city is being rebuilt in very substantial style. Brick buildings already occupy a large portion of the district formerly burnt over.

A paper mill, the first one in California, has been built and nearly completed near Tomales Bay, some eight or ten miles above Bolinas. The mill is owned by Messrs. V. B. Post and Samuel B. Taylor, and the machinery put up under the superintendence of Henry Russell, a practical millwright, from Massachusetts.

In Hope Valley, veins of copper, gold and silver, some fifteen or twenty, have been discovered by Dr. Brewster, State Surveyor, who is of the opinion that native copper will also be found there.

Carson and Wash-ho Valleys, on the east side of Sierra Nevada, are filling up by immigration from Salt Lake and parts of this State; 15,000 head of cattle which arrived with this year's immigration are recruiting there. One hundred families are already located there, and two hundred more from Salt Lake are expected in the Spring. A village, named Franktown, containing already twenty-five dwellings, has sprung up in Wash-ho valley. Considerable quantities of butter already come from these districts, 1,500 pounds being received at Placerville in a single day.

The case of Ex-Governor John McDougal, charged with double voting at the election at San Mateo, was honorably and fully acquitted yesterday by the jury under the following circumstances:—The Judge who tried him was also the prosecutor—the jury were entire strangers to him, and he authorized his lawyers, Judge Lake and Judge Brown, to waive all technical objections whatever, and let the case be tried on its intrinsic merits. This was done, and a verdict of entire acquittal brought in, after a very short absence.

Mr. A. Clute, of Albany, N. Y., was drowned at Bolinas Bay a few weeks ago, from the capsizing of a boat in which he was attempting to land. The body has since been recovered and brought to this city, where it was buried.

John S. Robb, well-known from his connection with the press, both here and in California, died at Sacramento on the 5th of October.

John Briggs, a brother of Ex-Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, died very suddenly on the 15th.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRESS.—ITS EFFECTS UPON THE MARKET.—In a city of Belgium, extravagance has assumed such alarming proportions that the ladies themselves have been obliged to combine for the purpose of arresting its disastrous progress. It appears that extravagance had been for some years a source of constraint in families; and it was noticed no marriages were contracted, since the young men, frightened at the bills that loomed up in the distance, preferred to live in celibacy. The mothers, recognizing the inconvenience of a state of affairs, encouraged by themselves, have resolved to bring about a salutary reform, and with this view they have formed a Committee, which meets once a week. They have declared open war with extravagance, and every member announces publicly, the retrenchments made in her own household expenses. They say that happy results have already been obtained, and that similar associations are to be formed in the neighboring towns.

PRICES OF SCULPTURE.—The best sculptors in Paris—such, for instance, as Baron Frigetty—receive, on an average, four thousand dollars for statues ten feet high. But the ablest sculptors in Italy receive much less than this sum. The statues recently erected in Florence to the memory of the illustrious men of Tuscany, sixteen or eighteen in number, cost something over one thousand dollars each, most of them executed by men who rank higher in this department of art than Mr. Powers. It is not pretended that this sum adequately rewards their talents, but they accept such commissions to further the patriotic objects of their Government. Mr. Powers himself gives a guide by which to estimate the price of a single statue, in his several copies of the Greek Slave, which he has sold at three thousand dollars each. Give his workmen an additional thousand dollars, and they will execute the Slave ten feet high, the sculptor having no extra labor to perform.

THE HOOSAC TUNNEL.—The opening proposed to be cut through the Hoosac Mountain, Mass., is proposed to be 14 feet high and 17 feet wide, and 2,400 feet in length. There are two gangs of men employed upon the work. The leading gang are cutting a tunnel 7 feet high and 12 wide. The other gang follows, widening the cut. Five men hold the drills and lamps, and five strike, and the work proceeds with the regularity of clockwork, night and day. Two sets of men are employed, relieving each other at six o'clock, morning and evening—those who work at night one week working by day the next.—They penetrate about fifteen feet a week. Eight or ten kegs of powder are used daily in blasting. It is expected that the work will go on much faster at some future day, and the contractors are sanguine that the tunnel will be completed for use in four or five years.

THE CLARYVILLE MYSTERY.—We have noticed the mysterious disappearance of Mr. George Ganet, the morning after his marriage to Miss Eliza St. John. The ceremony was performed at Claryville, Sullivan county, on the 14th ult. On the morning of the 15th, the bridegroom stepped out of the house without attracting any notice, or saying anything to excite suspicion, and was not seen or heard from until the morning of the 23rd, when, after five days' diligent search, his dead body was found in the woods, about a mile from Col. Bushnell's residence, suspended by his cravat. No reason can be assigned for this singular suicide. The Poughkeepsie Press says the deceased has borne a character without a stain, and leaves a large circle of warm and personal friends to weep over his tragical end.—*Albany Transcript.*

WASHINGTON ITEMS.—Thomas S. Cunningham, one of the Democratic Presidential Electors of Pennsylvania, has accepted the appointment as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Kansas, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the death of Judge Burrill.

General Harney was, at last official accounts, at Tampa, rapidly completing his arrangements for settling the Indian difficulties in Florida.

There is no truth in the rumor brought by the last European mails, that the United States desire to become a party to the Congress at Paris.

NEWS FROM OREGON.—The Indian troubles have been renewed, and threaten to become more serious and extensive than before. Gov. Stevens has been obliged to vacate the Walla Walla country, where he had gone with a body of United States troops, to attempt the negotiation of a general peace with the tribes in that quarter.

Eighteen inches of snow fell at Ontonagon on Lake Superior on the 30th ult.

KINGS AND QUEENS.—The Albany Times tells a curious story of Mr. and Mrs. King, of Kingston, N. Y. Mrs. King fell sick a fortnight since. Mr. King wrongfully fell in love with a handsome servant girl by the name of Martin, (perhaps a connection of "High Betty, tiptoe fine.") Miss Martin returned the compliment, and fell in love with Mr. King. One Monday, Mr. King proposed elopement to Miss Martin. Miss Martin says, "Very thing, where shall we go?" Mr. King said, "Ohio, by the way of Albany and Central Railroad." Miss Martin immediately set about "packing up." Mr. King did the same. Having packed up, they packed off. They took first train West. They stopped at Buffalo, where Miss Martin fell in love with a young man by the name of Cornelius, and eloped again, taking with her Mr. King's clothing, and all his money save nine dollars. King became conscientious, and said he would sin no more, but return to his wife. He returned to Albany on Sunday. He left for Kingston on Monday morning. On reaching home, astonished again. During absence with Miss Martin, Mrs. King recovered health, and fell in love with a New York dry goods clerk, by name Jeffers. Elopement. Mrs. King not only left home, but she took with her all the moveables except a cracked dinner-pot and six Maltese kittens. Mr. King, looking upon himself as a badly injured individual, went in pursuit of Mrs. King and Mr. Jeffers. He traced them to Albany, where he lost track of them. He offers one hundred dollars reward for the discovery of their whereabouts. He is a dreadfully abused man.

HOW TO TREAT A CHALLENGE.—The late eccentric mathematician, Prof. Vince, of King's College, Cambridge, being once engaged in a conversation with a gentleman who advocated duelling, is said to have thrown his adversary completely *hors du combat* by the following characteristic reply to his question: "But what could you do, sir, if a man told you to your face, 'You lie?'" "What could I do? Why, I wouldn't knock him down, but I'd tell him to pruv it; 'Pruv, sir, pruv it,' I'd say. If he couldn't he'd be the liar, and there I should leave him; but if he did pruv that I'd lied, I must o'en pocket the affront, and there I expect the matter wud end."

☞ The costume of the Spanish ladies has not changed in two hundred years. They actually wear the same style of dress as their great great grandmothers did—and they know how to wear it!

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER.—Send to Mr. Robert Sears, No. 181 William Street, New York, for a Prospective Circular of his "PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE," the best and most saleable Book now published for agents. sept 16-tf

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A UNIVERSAL PRINCIPLE OF NATURE.—When we are sick we should remember that nature has provided us with a drain, thirty-six feet long, into which all the impurities of the system can be thrown, and so expelled from the body. By BRANDRETH'S PILLS you can put your pains and colds into that outlet, and a few hours can do more to cure you than by any other means in months. Over two millions of the people of the United States have used the Brandreth Pills, and have often been cured by them when every other medicine has failed.

Sold, Wholesale and Retail, at the Principal Office, 43 CANAL St., Brandreth Building, New York, by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, 112 North SECOND St., Philadelphia, and by all respectable medicine dealers generally.

☞ For further particulars, see "DYOTT'S ORACLE OF HEALTH." nov15-3t

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EPILEPTIC FITS are usually considered incurable, but that such is not the case is proven by the following certificate from a citizen of Danville, attested by a number of the most respectable gentlemen of that place. The Alterative has cured nearly every case of Epilepsy in which it has been used:

Danville, Pa., July 26th, 1855.

Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia.

Gentlemen:—I take this method of testifying to the efficacy of your Alterative. For twenty-five years I was a sufferer from Rheumatism, during which time I took such large quantities of Laudanum, that in the fall of 1853 I was attacked with Epilepsy or fits, to cure which I made use of all the medicines that I saw recommended, and have been almost constantly under the treatment of the best Physicians, but all proved ineffectual, and scarcely afforded me any relief. After the Fits commenced, my right arm became gradually PARALYZED. I lost the use of my arm and partially that of my leg—my speech was affected, so that I could hardly articulate a word that could be understood. In this condition, at the solicitation of a friend, I commenced using your Alterative last fall, and it affords me most pleasure to state that since that time I have not had a single Fit: the use of my limbs are restored, and my speech being almost entirely restored, my appetite is good, perfectly well in every way. I have taken about three dozen bottles of the Alterative, and a couple of boxes of SANATIVE PILLS, and must say that I attribute my life to the fact of having used your medicines.

I consider your Alterative the best medicine in the world for Epileptic Fits, and would recommend all persons afflicted as I have been, to lose no time in procuring it.

Yours, truly, JOHN WARE.

We, the undersigned citizens of Danville, being acquainted with the facts contained in the above statement, do testify that they are correct as therein set forth.

William Ketchen,	G. B. Brown,
Geo. R. Sanders,	G. W. Purrell,
James M. Bacon,	Thomas Woods
	J. B. Moore.

The above mentioned articles are prepared only at 84 CHESTNUT St. au23tf

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NEW YORK MARKET.

ASHES.—The market is heavy for Pearls. Sales of 21 bbls at $7. Pots are steady at $7 62½.

FLOUR.—The demand for Western Canal Flour is less active, and with liberal arrivals, prices are 5@10c lower on common brands; with only a moderate business doing for export. The Eastern and local inquiry is fair, the better grades are held with more firmness and not freely. The sales are 8700 bbls at $8.30@8.35 for common to good State; $8.50@8.90 for extra do; $8.25@8.75 for superfine Indiana, Iowa and Michigan; $8.80@ 9.25 for common to fair extra Ohio; $9.25@9.50 for fair to choice extra Ohio; $9.30@9.50 for St. Louis brands, and $7.20@8.00 for common Genesee. Canadian Flour is unchanged; the arrivals light. Sales of 250 bbls at $8.00@8.75 for superfine, and $8.30@7.15 for extra brands. Southern Flour is less buoyant; the demand limited. Sales of 1200 bbls at $7.45@7.50 for mixed to good brands Baltimore, &c., and $7.60@8.15 for fancy and extra brands. Rye Flour is quiet and is firmer. Sales of 50 bbls at $5.25 @5.30. Corn Meal is heavy. Sales of 200 bbls Jersey at $3.44 @3.50, and Brandywine at $3.62½. Buckwheat Flour is in fair demand at $2.12½@2.25 per 100 lbs.

GRAIN.—The demand for Wheat is fair, but common and medium qualities are lower, and close in favor of the buyer. The sales are 2000 bushels white Southern at $1.47@1.50 for red do at $1.40; 3000 bushels red Missouri at $1.42@1.43; 2000 bushels white do at $1.49; 9000 bushels white Illinois at $1.46@1.49; 4000 bushels red Indiana at $1.39@1.40; 18,000 bushels white Canadian at $1.46@1.49; 6000 bushels Lake at $1.42@1.45; 2,200 bushels Milwaukie club at $1.41@1.42; and 1000 bus Chicago spring at $1.39@1.37. Rye is quiet at 86@87c. Oats are steady at 47@48c for State, and 43@ 46c for Western. Corn is less active, and closes heavy, with little doing for export; sales of 40,000 bus at 66@67c for Western mixed, and 70@71c for Southern yellow.

HOPS.—There continues to exhibit a good degree of firmness; the demand, however, is moderate; sales of 81 bales at 20@21 for ordinary to choice 1st sorts Eastern and Western. Old are quiet at 5@7c for prime.

LIME.—The market is steady, with further sales of 7000 bbls, common at 85c, and 600 do of lump at $1.15.

PROVISIONS.—The Pork market is heavy and closes lower. Sales of 600 bbls at $17.37½@17.62½ for old Prime; $18 for new do; $18.75@19 for old Mess, closing at the inside prices; and $15 for new Western Mess at the close of the season—other kinds are nominal. The Beef market is firm; the stock is much reduced; new is scarce and wanted. Sales of 250 bbls at $6.87½ for Country Prime; $7@7.50 for do Mess; and 31 for old repacked Mess; and $14 for new Chicago Mess. Prime Mess is in limited request, and is nominal at $14@15; Beef Hams are wanted at $18. Bacon is firm. Sales of 300 boxes long-ribbed middles for December, on private terms, and 200 do for this month at 6½c. Cut Meats are scarce at 10@10½c for new Sugar Cured Hams. Dressed Hogs are in demand at 7½@8. Lard is lower, and not much asked for. Sales of 300 tubs and tes at 10½@10¾c, and kegs at 12@12½c. Butter is in fair request, and in favor of buyers for Ohio, and 22@25 for State. Cheese is in fair demand at 9@12c.

FREIGHTS.—The engagements remain good at full prices, and further sales have been made to arrive. The stock here is nearly 30% against 15,500 last year, and 45,000 the year before. The sales are 311 Cuncon at 24c, 6 mos, respecting water damage; 200 Vera Cruz, 200 Augustara, both to arrive, and 224 Jamaica, on the spot, on terms as are understood to rule.

WHISKEY.—Western is in good request, and sales were reported at 29½ to 30c. Rye—Some were 200 bushels offered, and sales of Maryland at 75c; Penna 72c.

Seeds—There were sales of 200 bushels Clover seed at $7.12½ per bushel. We quote Clover at $8.25@7.25; Timothy $3.25@ 3.37½ per bushel.

WHISKEY.—The market was quiet, but the demand is still great. The stock of Whiskey on hand is fair. We have heard of no sales in city during the past week. We note a sale of 200 bbls Ohio at 29½c. We continue to quote city at 29@30c; Ohio 29@30c. Penna 30@ 31c gallon.

Nov. 17.—Flour is unchanged; sales of wheat at 147@150c for red; white is steady. Sales of white and yellow corn at 70@72c. Whiskey is steady at 29@30c.

BALTIMORE MARKET.

COFFEE.—There was a fair inquiry, but the transactions were limited. Holders are firm. We note sales of 300 bags Rio, ordinary to fair and good at 9½@10½c; also 250 bags reported do at 10c. We continue to quote Rio, ordinary to fair at 9 @10½c; fair to good 10@11c; good to prime 11@11½c. We quote Laguayra at 11@12c; Java 16@18c.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market is very quiet, and scarcely any offers worth of buyers or sellers. We note sales of 250 bbls Howard Street at $8.25, at which quotation the market closed steady, with buyers. There were no sales of Ohio. Holders are generally asking $8.25@8.50 for round hooped bbls, but the buyers do not suit for European shipment; buyers of this description of Flour are not disposed to give more than $8.37½@8.50. We have nothing to note in Corn Meal; holders generally are asking $3.62½, but we do not hear of any sales at that figure. Family and Extra Flour—We have no sales to note. We quote Howard street and Ohio extra at $7.75@8.00; family do $8.25@8.50; Baltimore extra $8.25@8.50; family $8.50@8.75.

Corn Meal—There were no sales. We quote City at $3.50 per bbl; Country $3@3.25, and Gulf at sale. Rye Flour—We note sales of 50 bbls old Rye Flour at $5.50 per bbl. We continue to quote new at $4.75@5.00 and $4.75@5.00 per bbl.

GRAIN AND SEEDS.—Wheat—The market was rather quiet, but steady. Receipts were light; prices unchanged. Shippers are and millers brisk for it. The sales were 2000 bushels reported at 140@145c for fair to good at 145@150c; good to prime 150@152c; choice 155c; red 155@160c. Corn—The demand was fair; prices, however, have a drooping tendency. There were 12,000 bushels offered, and sales of white at 64@65c; yellow 65@ 66c. Oats—There was a fair inquiry; prices tending downward. There were 9000 bushels offered, and sales were reported at 44@45c for fair to prime. Rye—Some were 2000 bushels offered, and sales of Maryland at 75@77c.

Seeds—There were sales of 200 bushels Clover seed at $7.12½ per bushel. We quote Clover at $8.25@7.25; Timothy $3.25@ 3.37½ per bushel.

WHISKEY.—The market was quiet, but the demand is still great. The stock of Whiskey on hand is fair. We have heard of no sales in city during the past week. We note a sale of 200 bbls Ohio at 29½c. We continue to quote city at 29@30c; Ohio 29@30c. Penna 30@ 31c gallon.

Nov. 17.—Flour is unchanged; sales of wheat at 147@150c for red; white is steady. Sales of white and yellow corn at 70@72c. Whiskey is steady at 29@30c.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
November 17, 1856.

Some of the Dry Goods jobbers are still selling a few goods to the country dealers, but with the commission houses business has been pretty much at a stand during the past week. All the leading factories are well sold up, and will be generally for the season, without any new material variation to note in the prices of either cotton or woollen goods. The produce markets generally have been inactive during the past week. In Breadstuffs, there is very little change. Flour and Wheat were rather lower early in the week, but prices have since slightly improved. Rye is scarce, and 62@63c has been paid at a slight improvement. Cotton rules dull and unsettled, and with fair receipts and a limited demand; prices close in favor of the buyer. Coal and Iron are quiet, but without any particular change to note. Groceries also move off slowly, owing to the difference in the views of buyers and sellers. Provisions continue at a stand, and prices remain about stationary. Hides and Leather are dumpish, and the usual supplies checked sales. In Naval Stores and Oils, business is moderate, and the prices of the latter are rather easier. Plaster is scarce. There is more doing in Clover seed without change in quotations, but Timothy is rather lower. Whiskey has also declined, and West has been in better demand, with fair sales of the Trade at full prices. In other articles there are no important changes.

ASHES.—The market is dull, with a small business only to note in both Pots and Pearls, within the range of quotations.

BARK.—There has been more inquiry for Quercitron and all the recent arrivals (about 200 bbls) have been taken at $42½ @43 for No. 1. No. 2 Quercitron is offering or selling.

BEESWAX.—Is quiet, owing to the difference in the views of buyers and sellers, and good yellow may be quoted at 23@24c @ lb, where for the former rates.

CANDLES.—Continue very dull, with about the usual business doing in Sperm and Adamantine; the latter keep well sold up. No change in Tallow Candles.

COAL.—The difficulty between the Railroad Company and the shippers in regard to the dumpage, operates unfavorably on the trade, and the receipts and sales have been light this week; but no material alteration in the aforesaid, but Red Ash Coal has an upward tendency.

The Anthracite Coal tonnage for the past week, and for the season, on the various lines, is as follows:

FOR THE WEEK.

	1856.	1855.	
Lehigh Canal	35,513	39,954	Dec. 4,439
Lehigh Val RR	—	4,878	Dec. 4,878
Schuylkill Canal	22,510	37,193	Dec. 14,683
Reading Railroad	47,306	39,519	Dec. 7,787
Total for week	110,329	120,272	Dec. 567

FOR THE YEAR.

	1856.	1855.	
Lehigh Canal	1,216,840	1,092,501	Dec. 123,659
Lehigh Val RR	150,200	150,200	Inc. 150,200
Schuylkill Canal	1,704,670	1,642,220	Inc. 62,450
Reading Railroad	2,139,606	2,000,735	Dec. 140,911
Total for season	4,293,195	4,273,256	Dec. 81,077

The deliveries of Coal from the Lehigh region exceed those of last year by some 25,000 tons. From the Schuylkill region, although the Canal has increased its amount 26,132 tons, there is still a deficiency, as compared with last year, of nearly 120,000 tons, and this is not likely to be overcome before the close of the season.

COFFEE.—The market remains inactive, and prices about the same, we are only advised of sales of some 700 bags, chiefly Rio, from the cargoes now arriving at Philadelphia, mostly at the latter figure, including 200 bags prime at 11½c, and 1500 mats Java at 14@14½c, all on the usual credit.

COTTON.—The foreign news has had little or no effect on the market, buyers have come forward slowly, and most manufacturers being well supplied take hold only for their immediate wants, with a moderate business doing. For the week's sales reach some 1150 bales, chiefly Uplands, at very irregular prices, showing a decline of fully ¼c on last week's rates; the bulk of the sales were within the range of 12½@13c, cash and time, closing at 13@13½c for middling fair; some holders refused these rates, but the market closes in favor of the buyer.

DRUGS AND DYES.—Peruvian Bark has been a fair business doing during the past week, in articles under this head. Among the sales are 150 tons Soda Ash at 2½@3c; 90 bags Cutch, all in market, at 4½c; new held higher; 100 do Gambier at about 4½c; 3 serons Cochineal at 31@31½c; 6 cases Arabia Aloe, all on the usual terms, and 12 cases Gum Arabic at a price not public.

FEATHERS.—Continue steady and high, with a small business doing in Western at 60@62½c @ lb, as to quality.

FISH.—The market generally rules dull, and the sales of Mackerel limited to small lots from store, at $11@12 for No. 1; $10@10.50 for No. 2, and $8@8.50 for No. 3. Large Fish are very scarce. Pickled Herring sell at $4@4.50 @ bbl, as to size, and Dry Cod at $3@3.50 per 100 lbs.

FRUITS.—Raisins are more active and bringing rather better prices; further sales of 2000 jars have been made, chiefly from a cargo now landing, at $3.50@3.50 for whole boxes, smaller jags in proportion. 150 bbls West India Oranges at $4, and 100 large Filberts, to arrive at the market, at 3c. Cranberries are more abundant, and sales are making at $10@10.50; and Apples at $2@3 @ bbl, as to quality. Dried Fruit comes in slowly, and commands 5@6c for Apples and 6@7c @ lb for Peaches.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The foreign news has had very little effect on the market. The prices of Flour fell off 12½ cts @ bbl early in this week, but the decline has since been recovered, and with a moderate export inquiry some 12,000 bbls mostly have found buyers at $8.62½@8.75 for mixed and straight brands; $8.87½ for selected lots, and $8@7.25 for extra, mostly at $7.12½ @ barrel, including 500 barrels Brandywine on terms not public, and fancy brands at $7.50@7.75 @ bbl. At the close, however, there were more sellers than buyers at $8.75 for standard brands. For home use prices have ranged at from $6.50 to 7.50 for common brands and extra, and $7.75@8 @ bbl for fancy lots, as in quality. Rye Flour is scarce and wanted, and 40 barrels found buyers at $5.12½@5.25 @ bbl, which is an advance. Corn Meal is dull and lower, and about 150 bbls have been taken at $3.25 for Penna Meal, including 100 bbls Brandywine, on terms not public. The receipts of Meal have been 1500 bbls Penna Meal, including 100 bbls Brandywine, on terms not public. The receipts of Flour are moderate, 15,670 bbls Flour; 100 half bbls; 1074 bbls Corn Meal; 20 puncheons do, and 165 bbls Rye Flour.

GRAIN.—Wheat, like Flour, was rather lower in the first part of the week, but prices have since improved; sales reach about 30,000 bushels, taken for export and milling, at 154@156c for fair to prime red, and 160@165c for white—and the latter have rather held at our highest figures. Rye continues scarce, and the receipts have found ready sale at 92c for Southern, 79c for old Penna, and 80c for new. Corn is rather lower, but the demand is active, and about 60,000 bushels have been taken at 68@ 69c for Southern and Penna yellow; closing at 68@69c in the store and from store, and 66@67c for white. Oats have declined 1@2c, and from store, and 63@65c for white. Oats have declined 1@2c, but at the close are rather better, and about 80,000 bushels have been sold at 42@45c for Southern and Penna. We quote to-day at 42@c. afloat.

GUANO.—The market generally remains quiet, but without any alteration to notice in prices. A cargo of Peruvian has just arrived.

GINSENG.—No further arrivals or sales have come under our notice this week.

HEMP.—There is nothing doing in the way of sales, the stock being in very full out of first hands.

HIDES.—The market is very firm, but the want of supplies limits operations, and prices are fully maintained.

HOPS.—More offering than wanted for trade for now, as in quality.

IRON.—The market rules dull, buyers are holding off, and some 300 tons Anthracite only have been sold, in lots, at about previous rates. Scotch Pig continues in limited request. In manufactured Iron there are no changes, but the demand is rather more active.

LEAD.—Is held above the views of buyers, and the current import of Spanish is going into store.

LUMBER.—The active season is drawing to a close, and the market generally has been dull this week, but without any particular change to note.

LEATHER.—Prices continue steady and firm, and the receipts and sales ready and at fully former rates.

MOLASSES.—The market is active and buoyant at a further advance, with a small business doing in Cuba at 32@33c, the latter for Muscovado. A cargo arrived a few days since was previously sold on terms not public.

NAVAL STORES.—Spirits Turpentine is very scarce, but the demand is limited at 44@45c @ gal, cash and time. In Rosin there is little or nothing doing; a small sale of Wilmington Tar was made at $1.50 @ bbl. Pitch is without change.

OILS.—There is a fair business doing in Sperm and Whale at about previous prices. Lard Oil sells as wanted at 100@ 105c. Linseed Oil is lower, and is quoted at 80@82c @ gal.

PLASTER.—There is more inquiry and the article is scarce and wanted. The last sales were at $2.75 @ ton.

PROVISIONS.—The market generally is unsettled and dull with a small business doing in barreled Meats at $17@18 for New York, closing at the former rate, and $16@16.50 for City Mess Beef. Recent receipts are in small way at 11@12c for Hams, sale for Shoulders, and 13@14c for Sides, the latter to go South, all on the usual terms. Green Meats are scarce, but the demand is limited, and a few small sales only have come under our notice at 7@7½c for salted Shoulders. Of Lard there is not much offering or selling; bbls are quoted at 9½@10c and kegs at 10@10½c. Butter continues about stationary, with moderate receipts, and sales of packed at 18@19c, and roll at 20@22c, as to quality. Cheese—No change, and sales limited.

RICE.—The sales are mostly in a small way at 5@6c for old, and 4½@5c for new crop.

SALT.—No change. An import of Turks Island has been sold on terms not public, and 9000 sacks Liverpool ground and fine, reported loose, have come to a dealer.

SEEDS.—There has been more demand for Clover seed within the last few days, and 40 barrels have been taken at rather lower figures. Sales 2 glods some 1200 bus, part in arrive, at $7.37½@7.50 for prime. Sales 20 bushels have also been taken from second hands on part of the market, on private terms. Timothy is but little enquired for, and a few small lots only have changed hands at $3 @ bus. Flaxseed is held nearer, and American is quoted at $2.06@2.18½ @ bus.

SPIRITS.—There has been rather more doing in Brandy and Gin, without any change in quotations. N. E. Rum continues scarce at 30c. Whiskey has been rather more active, but at a nothing varying at 30@30c for bbls, 33c for hhds, and 35@36c for Drudge.

SUGAR.—Holders are firm in their views, but the demand has been limited this week, and only some 450 hhds have been disposed of—mostly Cuba, at 9½@10, on the usual terms.

TEAS.—Brokers are busy at their offices, but their demands, with a fair business doing at full prices.

TALLOW.—Continues in moderate request, with sales of three cases, and 4 casks only rendered at 10½c @ lb.

TOBACCO.—There is no speculative inquiry, with a limited demand for both leaf and manufactured, the stock of the former keeps unusually light.

WINE.—No change in the market, and no sales to note.

WOOL.—There have been several large buyers in the market this week, but no sales of any account have been made public. Texas wool, however, reach about 20,000 lbs, mostly fine grades, within the range of 38@39c, on the usual terms.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The offerings of Beef Cattle at the Bull's Head now Drove Yard were light this week, reaching only about 2500 head. The market was brisk, and all sold at nearly former rates, prices in some instances yielding a shade on poor Cattle. The sales were as follows:

50	Chester Co.,	by Hathaway & McPilan,	good at	$7.@8
30	Virginia,	by do do	fair	6 @6½
81	do	by John Todd,	good	7@7½
25	Chester Co	do	prime	8
30	do	R F Houston,	good	6½@7
30	do	J Holmes,	do	6½@7
65	do	Chandler & Underwood,	do	6½@7
23	do	W Alexander,	good	6½@
10	do	Cochran & McCall,	do	6 @7
20	do	R Neely,	do	6½@7
41	do	Samuel Kimball,	do	6 @7
91	do	Messrs A Hood,	do prime 31 and lot 13	6
50	Virginia	Cochran & McCall,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be considered weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York.
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GUNTER, No. 29 Third St., Louisville, Ky.

THAT THEATRICAL FEAT.—Playing at theatres in New York and Philadelphia on the same night, is a feat that has first accomplished last week. Broughton's company came to town from New York, and after playing at the National, in this city, they went to look at the site of "Old Drury," and found that the most conspicuous object there was the far-famed Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

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THE MAN who thought he could learn to make boots, by following Sherry Cobblers, and published a work to prove that by eating hops one may acquire a knowledge of waltzing, recently tried to demonstrate that to become a farrier it was only necessary to swallow a "Horse." In this he failed, however, and to all inquiries upon that subject he now answers uniformly as we are:—"Go to Granville Stokes, No. 209 Chestnut street, Philadelphia."

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut, Philadelphia. oct11-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday, Oct. 14th, 1856, at the residence of Mrs. M. Griswold, in Martinsville, Warren county, Missouri, by the Rev. Wm. Newland, Dr. M. J. De Leonard, of Louisville, Ky., to Mrs. R. A. Hedrick, daughter of the late Judge Harvey Otis Scott, of the former place.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. John T. Ward, Mr. Richard Bond, to Miss Elizabeth Fox, both of Fort Delaware.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Thos. G. Jones, to Miss Annie M. Kelly, both of Montgomery county.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, Mr. Ely Myers, to Miss Mary E. Fowler, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. C. R. Demme, D. D., Mr. Harry Lehr, to Miss Sarah Jane C. Canning, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. Philip R. P. Slenshar, to Miss Wilhelmina Stuber, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. Peter Penauer, to Miss Elizabeth Rumbell, all of West Philadelphia.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, Mr. Jeremiah H. Evans, to Mrs. Martha M. Evans, both of this city.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Christman, Mr. Samuel C. Reudlph, of Delaware, to Martha L. Morgan, of Philadelphia.

On the 9th of Sept. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Francis Evans, to Miss Harriet Smith, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. John A. Rueba, Mr. Allen Smith, to Miss Elizabeth A. Smith, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. Samuel Gebhart, to Miss Mary Goldsmid; and at the same time, Mr. Wm. Goldsmid, to Miss Ann Goldsmid, of Wissahickon.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Samuel A. Durborow, Mr. Peter Winner, to Miss Martha Ann Eshelman, both of Spring Township, Lancaster county.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. A. Christmas, Uriah V. Fealey, to Jennie H. Price, both of this city.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. J. P. Lundy, Mr. William Gill, to Miss Jane Noble, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. William Barnes, Mr. Charles M. Tyson, of Boston, Conn. to Miss Elizabeth Corkery, of Philadelphia.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. William H. Elliott, Mr. Thos Hatzell, of Philadelphia, to Miss Eliza Wilkes, of George's, Del.

On the 30 ultimo, by the Rev. John B. Dales, Mr. Wm. Gibbons, to Miss Ruth Topham, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. J. Lewis, Mr. John B. Hite, of Wilmington, to Miss Mary J. Adair, of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. J. A. Watson, Mr. Benjamin Shaufelin, to Miss Sarah Fredrick, both of Upper Clay, Del. county, Pa.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. W. Kenney, Abram N. Fry, to Miss C. Hendricks; and Henry C. Strond, to Miss Hefner.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

Sept. 29th, 1856, near Martinsville, Warren county, Missouri, Mrs. Lucy A. Griswold, consort of Sol. C. Griswold, aged 21 years, 8 months and 24 days.

Deceased was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and an exemplary Christian. She leaves a disconsolate husband to mourn the loss of a fond and loving companion, and three small children (the eldest not yet four years old) to mourn, in future, the caring hand of a mother. A large circle of warm friends of the family will sympathize with the bereaved, and deeply deplore the early exit of one, whom to know, was but to love. Her remains were conveyed to Lexington, Mo.

On the 11th instant, Willie Ross, daughter of David and Wilhelmina B. Argue, aged 3 years.

On the 11th instant, Mr. Willis J. Woodside, aged 27.

On the 12th instant, Clara, daughter of Wm. T. and Sarah Cook, aged 2 years.

On the 12th instant, Margaret McCann, aged 26 years.

On the 12th instant, Jane, daughter of James and Margaret Doherty, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 11th instant, Ida Caroline, daughter of Saml. H. and Margaret Simons, aged 3 years and 7 months.

On the 10th instant, Martha A. Hunsewell, aged about years.

On the 10th instant, Thomas Taylor, aged 48 years.

On the 11th instant, Anna, daughter of Charles and Christiana Geisert, aged 10 years.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. Sarah Harman, aged 41 years.

On the 11th instant, Hester L. daughter of Geo. F. and Harriet H. Ashmead, aged 5 years.

On the 10th instant, William James, son of Edward and Sarah Judd, aged 4 years and 6 months.

On the 11th instant, Henry Samuel, son of John and Sarah Ann L. aged 2 years and 9 months.

On the 8th instant, Anna, daughter of John and Susanna, wife of Horace P. Smith.

On the 11th instant, Mr. John V. Tuttemart, aged 57.

On the 11th instant, Mr. James C. Douglass, aged 21.

On the 11th instant, Mr. Chesterfield, Pa. Edward W. son of N. and Susan L. Harris, aged 3 years.

On the 8th instant, Permelia Anna, daughter of Spencer C. and Permelia Lane, aged 2 years and 7 months.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Wm. H. Morgan, in her 47th year.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. Mary E. relict of the late Joseph Kelly, aged 44 years.

On the 8th instant, Walter Henry, son of C. M. and E. A. aged 4 years.

On the 8th instant, Hugh O'Neill, aged 68 years.

Chester, Del. county, Pa. on the 5th instant, Mary E. Crozier, aged 6 years and 8 months.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. Ann Stevenson, aged 29 years.

On the 8th instant, Thomas Hennett, aged 27 years.

On the 8th instant, Jane L. daughter of John M. and Mary Hopkins, aged 6 years.

On the 7th instant, Jonathan S. son of Jonathan and Ann Rue, aged 2 years.

On the 9th instant, Anna Catharine, daughter of Henry and Maria H. Russell, aged 8 years.

On the 9th instant, Mr. Anthony Kepfer, aged 69 years.

On the 9th instant, Alice, widow of the late Alex. McCausland, in her 80th year.

On the 9th instant, James Rehr, aged 21 years and 3 months.

On the 9th instant, James Crawford, aged 20 years.

On the 8th instant, Charles Lutz, Jr. aged 19 years.

On the 6th instant, Margaret, daughter of John and Frances, aged 3 years and 2 months.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. Mary Jennings, aged 85 years.

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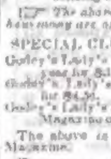

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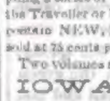

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Resolved, That the Clerk of the Prison be requested to send a copy of these resolutions, properly attested, to Mr. Rand.

ROBERT T. CONRAD, Jr., President.

Attest—JOSEPH K. HOWELL, Clerk.

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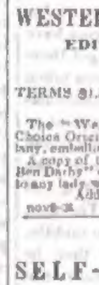

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Wit and Humor.

An Impatient Juryman.—An Arkansas correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune gives the following as authentic:—

You are all fond of cracking jokes at the expense of Arkansas; now here is one on your State, absolutely true. I got it from an eye witness:

The district court in one of our Northern parishes was in session—'twas the first day of the court, time, after dinner. Lawyers and others had dined and were sitting out before the hotel, and a long, lank, unsophisticated countryman came up and unceremoniously made himself one of 'em, and remarked:

"Gentlemen, I wish you would go on with this court, for I want to go home—I left Betsy a looking out."

"Ah!" said one of the lawyers, "and pray, sir, what detains you at court?"

"Why, sir," said the countryman, "I'm fotched here as a jury, and they say if I go home they will have to FINE me, and they mought do that as I live a good piece."

"What jury are you on?" asked a lawyer.

"What jury?"

"Yes, what jury. Grand or traverse jury?"

"Grand or travis jury? dad-fetched if I know."

"Well," said the lawyer, "did the judge charge you?"

"Well, squire," said he, "the little fellow that sits up in the pulpit and kinder bosses it over the crowd, give us a talk, but I don't know whether he charged anything or not."

The crowd broke up in a roar of laughter, and the sheriff called court.

A Good-Natured Young Man.—I think I met the best natured man in America recently, on the Michigan Central Railroad. We had an inebriated passenger aboard, who was continually rushing about with a brandy bottle, inviting somebody to "take a nip." As his attentions were principally confined, however, to a party of Methodist preachers, and one or two elderly sisters, who were returning from conference, I hardly think they were appreciated as fully as he probably anticipated. After awhile he fell asleep—then woke up decidedly irritable. As the cars made a stop, he staggered up to a mild looking young gentleman with spectacles, and asked him the name of the station. The mild young gentleman replied,

"I am a stranger, sir."

"A stranger," said our brandied friend, drawing himself up with intense dignity, and speaking with a force that aroused all present. "I didn't ask you, sir, your pedigree, nor where the devil you came from, but I want to know the name of this ——ation."

"I don't know, sir," was the response, very faintly.

"You don't know, eh! Then what didn't you say so at first, and not keep me bothering ——! I hate a fool!"

The mild young gentleman looked perfectly happy, and informed his querist with great apparent satisfaction that the name of the station, he had learned, was Chelsea. Wouldn't he make a "model husband!"—*Knickerbocker.*

Widows.—"Do you think moire antique becoming on a widow?" said a young widow to Mrs. Partington, as she exhibited a mourning dress, elaborately trimmed, and a bounet of the latest mode. The old lady scanned her attentively through her glasses, before she answered—"More antic!" she said at length, and her finger raised up like a note of exclamation. "I should think less antic would be more becoming in a widow. Widows more antic must be them spoken of by Paul to Timothy, who will marry. Well, well, let 'em though; where a woman has once married with a congealing and warm heart"—looking straight at the rigid profile of the corporal on the wall—"and one that beats responsible to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again." There was a tremulous tear in her eye, like a dew-drop on a morning glory, the finger fell to her side, and she turned to look out of the window after Ike, who was sailing a shingle boat in a rain-water tub, with a garden toad as a passenger. The young widow withdrew to read what Paul had said, evidently disgusted with the dame's misapprehension of her question, though there was a lesson to her in the blunder.—*Gazette.*

All the Same.—A gentleman, in a Scotch town, lately told his servant to clean the windows. The servant applied to the governor to have a small quantity of spirits to assist in the operation, as whiskey was sometimes used for such purposes. He received a gill or two. His master, after watching for some time, was surprised that "Archie" never dipped the cloth in the vessel containing the whiskey. He went forward and found it empty. Accosting the delinquent sharply as to what had become of the spirits, the following reply was made:—"Ye see, yer honor, I drank it, but (suiting the action to the word) I blaw my breath on the glass, an' it's a' the same!"

Very Laconable.—At a church of "color," about twenty miles from Albany, the other evening, the minister noticing a number of persons, both white and colored, standing upon the seats during singing service, called out in a loud voice, "Git down off dem seats, both white men and color, I care no more for one man dan I does de odder." Imagine the pious minister's surprise, on hearing the congregation suddenly commence singing, in short metre:

Git down off dem seats
Both white man and color;
I cares no more for one man
Dan I does for the other.

A Conjuror Checkmated.—A professor of magic, who recently gave an entertainment in an English seaport, was bragging pretty largely of his sleight-of-hand feats, in the public room of one of the hotels, after his performance was over. A gentleman present offered to bet him that he would make everything on the table disappear in less than a minute. The professor at once booked the wager, and the other screwed out the gas. The disappearance was complete, and the professor confessed himself "sold."

Youth and Age.—A story is told of Berkeley Craven and Lord Alvanley, when an accident happened to their carriage. The former, getting out to thrash the footman, saw he was an old fellow, and said, "Your age protects you;" while Alvanley, who had advanced towards the postillion with the same intention, seeing he was an athletic young fellow, turned from him, saying in his waggish way, "Your youth protects you."

☞ A recent traveller in America records the following anecdote:—"Jack," said a man, to a lad just entering his teens, "your father's dead." "Darn it," replied the young hopeful, "and he's got my knife in his pocket."

Clerical Wit.—A clerical gentleman of Hartford, who once attended the House of Representatives to read prayers, being politely requested to remain seated near the speaker during the debate, he found himself the spectator of an *unmarrying* process, so alien to his own vocation, and so characteristic of the Legislature of Connecticut, that the result was the following:

Impromptu Addressed by a Priest to the Legislature of Connecticut.

"For cut-ting all *connect*-ions famed,
Connect-icut is fully named;
I would *connect* in one, but you
Cut those whom I *connect* in two.
Each legislator seems to my
What you *Connect* I cut away."

Nothing Like Latin.—Andrew Jackson was once making a stump speech out West, in a small village. Just as he was concluding, Amos Kendall, who sat behind him, whispered:

"Tip 'em a little Latin, General. They won't be satisfied without it."

The man of iron will, instantly thought upon a few phrases he knew, and in a voice of thunder wound up his speech by exclaiming—

"*E pluribus unum!—sine qua non!—ne plus ultra!—multum in parvo!*"

The effect was tremendous, and the shouts could be heard for miles.

Gone.—In one of our courts lately, a man who was called on to appear as a witness could not be found. On the Judge asking where he was, a grave, elderly gentleman rose up, and with much emphasis, said,

"Your honor, he's gone."

"Gone! gone!" said the Judge, "where is he gone?"

"That I cannot inform you," replied the communicative gentleman; "but he is dead."

This is considered the most guarded answer on record.

☞ One day, at the table of the late Dr. Pease, (Dean of Ely,) just as the cloth was being removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality among the lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than *six* eminent barristers in as many months." The Dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace—"For this and every other mercy the Lord's name be praised!" The effect was irresistible.

Useful Receipts.

Boiled Corn Pudding.—Mix well together: 3 cups Indian meal; 2 cups of buttermilk; 1 cup of water; half a cup of butter; half a cup of sugar; 2 teaspoonsful cooking soda, and 2 beaten eggs. Put into a tin mould, covering the top with a cloth firmly tied on, and boil three to four hours. A convenient mould may be made by cutting off the top of an oyster can, and bending the edge over a wire. Serve with sweetened cream, flavored with nutmeg; or with butter and sugar melted with a little water, and a few spoonsful of currant jelly.

The addition of fruit, either fresh or dried, is a great improvement—to many persons at least.—*Cor. Amer. Agriculturist.*

Salts for Stables.—If a compound of gypsum and sulphate of magnesia be used on the floors of stables, it will absorb the moisture and ammonia, and keep the stable dry and free from offensive smell. The compound salt, after it has *absorbed all the moisture possible*, is removed to be used for manure, and fresh salts applied in the same way. This is an excellent plan for keeping stables dry and healthy.

To Take Ink Stains out of Mahogany.—Put a few drops of spirits of nitre in a teaspoonful of water, touch the spot with a feather dipped in the mixture, and on the ink disappearing, rub it over immediately with a rag wetted in cold water, or there will be a white mark which will not be easily effaced.

To Cure a Balky Horse.—The following method has been tried successfully on horses that "would not pull" at the foot of a hill. Tie a handkerchief over the horse's eyes and tell him to go. He will step like a blind horse and draw as if there were no hill before him. Let those who have those pests of good temper, balky horses, try this simple expedient.

Jelly Cheese.—Clean, very carefully, two sets of pig's feet, put them into hot, salted water, sufficient to cover them, let them boil slowly until perfectly tender, and the meat falls from the bone. Then put them on a dish, and take out all the bones, cut up the meat into small pieces, and return it to the kettle, and stir well with two quarts of the liquor in which they were boiled. Then season with salt, cayenne, sage, sweet marjoram, and four or five red peppers, cut fine.

Stir all well together, and after letting it simmer slowly ten minutes, put it into deep dishes; when cold, cut into slices, and warm in a pan with a little vinegar, or eat cold, as preferred.

Cream Cheese.—Take one quart of very rich cream, a little soured, put it in a linen cloth and tie it as close to the cream as you can. Then hang it up to drain for two days—take it down, and carefully turn it into a clean cloth, and hang it up for two more days—then take it down, and having put a piece of linen on a deep soup-plate, turn your cheese upon it. Cover it over with your linen; keep turning it every day on to a clean plate and clean cloth until it is ripe; which will be in about ten days or a fortnight, or may be longer, as it depends on the heat of the weather. Sprinkle a little salt on the outside when you turn them. If it is wanted to ripen quick, keep it covered with mint, or nettle leaves. The size made from a quart of cream is most convenient, but if wished larger, they can be made so.

Curing Bacon Without Smoke.—To smoke the best bacon, fat your hogs early and fat them well. By fattening early you make a great saving in food, and well fattened pork. Then kill as early as the weather will allow, and salt as soon as the animal heat is gone with plenty of the purest salt, and about half an ounce of saltpetre to one hundred pounds of pork.

As soon as the meat is salted to your taste, which will generally be in about five weeks, take it out, and if any of it has been covered with brine, let it drain a little. Then take black pepper, finely ground, and dust on the hock end as much as will stick, then hang it up in a good, clean, dry, airy place. If all this is done as it should be, (it ought to be done now,) you will have no further trouble with it, for by fly time in spring, your bacon is so well cured on the outside, that flies or bugs will not disturb it.

Curing bacon is like the Irishman's mode of making punch. He said:—"Put in the sugar, then fill it up with whiskey, and every drop of water you put in after that spoils the punch." Just so with curing bacon, after following the directions given above, every "drop of smoke you put about it, spoils the bacon."—*Canadian Agriculturist.*

MELANCHOLY—A FRAGMENT FROM A SENTIMENTAL NOVEL.

Lord Eustace (a young nobleman in love).—"Tell me, Thompson, are those the birds?"

Thompson (his confidential servant).—"Yes, my lord."

Eust.—"They are young?"

Thomp.—"They are, my lord."

Eust.—"And the wine?"

Thomp.—"Lafitte—44, my lord."

Eust.—"You have drawn the curtains?"

Thomp.—"Even so, my lord."

Eust.—"And you have placed some coals upon the fire?"

Thomp.—"My lord, this moment I have done so."

Eust.—"Then—then—LEAVE ME!!"

[*And his lordship pegs away at the birds, drinks a bottle of claret, and feels all the better.*

Agricultural.

STABLING FOR HORSES.

Stabling of every description is an evil. It is impossible a stable should be so built that it will allow the animal one half the freedom he enjoys when loose out of doors. Most stables are built so as to aggravate their inseparable cruelty. The flooring slants from the manger to a gutter, which runs at the horse's heels. Now, if horses be in a field, and at rest, they will always be seen standing upon a piece of ground that declines in precisely the opposite direction. The fact is, our modern stables throw the stress upon the back sinews or flexor tendons, and thus prepare many an animal for the injury he afterwards unexpectedly experiences. Nor is this all: the stall is perfectly at variance with the habits of the horse; he is evidently gregarious, or lives among crowds of his fellow-creatures; the stall dooms him to solitude, and the groom sits behind to see he does not put his nose over the divisions, only to look at a comrade. In many stables the stall is so small that the horse cannot turn round; he can lie down perfectly at ease in very few; yet, there he stands, looking at a bare wall, with the stress upon his back sinews, for a period varying from twenty to twenty-three hours during the day. The horse, in any condition beyond the dominion of man, is necessitated to walk, in order to crop the herbage on which he exists; when under human protection, he changes a life of ceaseless activity for one of all but continuous stagnation. Is it to be wondered then that the sinews often fail! Or is it a cause of complaint against nature, that the feet and legs so often oblige man to allow his wretched servant to remain idle? The foot is the most valuable part of the horse; but, to preserve the foot, continued motion is imperative. This is denied; a condition the very contrary is enforced; and then man, in his presumption, blames nature because the foot of the horse is so often the seat of disease.

Loose boxes are better than stalls. But in these the injury is only lessened, not removed. The horse has a loving heart bestowed upon him. He must love something. Lambs, dogs, cats, goats, fowls, &c., every creature he is permitted to see, by turns have become the object of his affections. Mr. Blaine records, that horses have defeated the utmost efforts of man to get them into condition when a companion has been taken away from the next stall, or when the animal has been stabled alone. Rules, after the fashion of military stables, are to be preferred to wooden partitions, unless they be made much lower than at present. The stall should be made a few feet wider than is the custom to build it. The floor should be slant from behind towards the middle, where the gutter may be placed, and then be gently raised and afterwards incline towards the manger. A notion is abroad, that the present flooring carries off the urine of the mare, but were stables paved in the manner we advocate, they would equally carry off the urine of geldings. The point in dispute is, surely, then, in our favor.

Most stables, moreover, are kept much too warm. Not that any are heated by means of a stove or fire, but the animals doomed to reside within them are doomed to breathe the same air over and over again, until it becomes hot, and smells so strongly of ammonia, as to sting the eyes and take away the breath of the stranger who unexpectedly enters them. This is not warmth; but foulness, filth, and abomination, which should immediately be abjured. Let a stable be freely ventilated; it cannot have too much air at any period of the year; its inhabitants and the shelter of the walls will always make sufficient difference, especially when the mode of ventilation is considered. The air must never blow directly upon the horses, but the ventilation should be above their heads, for foul air always has a tendency to ascend. If this plan were followed, the stable would range from forty deg. to fifty deg. in winter, and from sixty deg. to seventy in the summer; but the most violent draughts are better than foulness. If the proprietor, therefore, on entering his stable, detects any stench, he had better order the horses out to exercise, and while they are absent have every door and window thrown wide open. After this has been done once or twice, the groom will take care the stable is always sweet, let the master enter when he may.

Every stable should be thoroughly drained, not into a neighboring cesspool, but to such a distance as will preclude any effluvia escaping into the building. Also all dung and litter ought to be carried far away from the place twice a day. This of course imposes extra work on those who are not very fond of employment, but our business here is to point out that which ought to be done, and not to please idlers.

The manger and hay-rack are best low, as the last especially, being in this position, enables the horse to reach his food without raising his head and thereby injuring the vessels by maintaining an unnatural position, and likewise prevents any hay seed falling into the animal's eyes. For the last reason, the place ought to be thoroughly ceiled, lest any dust or litter fall down from the loft above, the hay in which, is likewise kept free from contamination arising from ammoniacal fumes, which always have a tendency to ascend.

The loose boxes ought to have their sides smooth, no nail or projection of any kind should be permitted, as the animal is apt to tear itself against such substances. When designed as substitutes for stalls, it is sufficient to have the partition close half way up, and the remainder formed of open rails, whereby the horses are enabled to see one another, and much of the dullness of their lives is removed. Every box ought to be drained by means of a centre grating.

It is a question much disputed whether the litter should be removed or not during the daytime. In the great majority it is entirely taken from the fore, and but a small portion left under the hind feet; and this method seems to be so good as to admit of no improvement as a general rule, though of course individual cases will require varieties in treatment.—"*Blaine's Outlines,*" *by Mayhew.*

Cure of Itch in Half an Hour.—Dr. E. Smith, at a meeting of the London Medical Society, called attention to an article in the Gazette Hebdomadaire, by Dr. Bourguignon, in which is a confirmation of the value of the treatment of itch, in Belgium, by sulphur, combined with lime in a liquid form. The remedy is prepared by boiling one part of quick lime with two parts of sublimed sulphur, in ten parts of water, until the two former are perfectly united. During the boiling it must be constantly stirred with a piece of wood, and, when the sulphur and lime have combined, the fluid is to be decanted, and kept in a well-stoppered bottle. A pint of the liquid is sufficient for the cure of several cases. It is sufficient to wash the body well with warm water, and then rub the liquid into the skin for half an hour. As the fluid evaporates, a layer of sulphur is left upon the skin. During the half hour the acarus is killed, and the patient is cured. It is only needful then to wash the body well, and to use clean clothes. In Belgium, the treatment is introduced by first rubbing the body for half an hour with black soap; but this does not appear to be necessary. The only essential act is that of the careful application of the fluid sulphur. The lime is of no importance in the treatment, except to render the sulphur soluble, and such would probably be the case if potass or soda were employed. The chief point in the plan this employed, which is an improvement upon the mode of application of sulphur in substance with lard, is the more ready absorption of the remedy, and consequently the more certain and quick destruction of the insect, by using sulphur in a fluid form. In so disgusting a disease, it must be of great moment to be able to cure it in half an hour.—*Dublin, Med. Press, from Association Med. Journal.*

This might prove very useful in the treatment of skin diseases occurring among horses. Who will try it?"—*Ed. Veterinary Journal.*

How to Secure Good Fruit Crops.—The Agricultural and Horticultural Society of Vaucluse recommends, that in order to ensure a large crop in fruit trees, the following plan should be adopted:—A hole must be dug round the tree to a certain depth in the autumn, but not deep enough to expose the roots, and must then be filled up with manure; the manure should be left until frozen, and then be covered with the earth extracted. Thus covered over, the manure does not thaw until a late period, and thereby prevents the tree from budding early, and produces the effect intended. The same society further makes known that it is a well-ascertained fact that trees which yield most fruit are those whose branches grow horizontally, instead of vertically; and it therefore recommends that trees should, so far as possible, be trained to grow in that direction; it even declares that by such training trees that have never yielded any fruit previously may be made productive.

Planting Bulbous Roots.—Now is the time to plant your bulbous roots, and it may be extended to the 15th or 20th of November, should the weather permit. All these roots like a light, sandy soil, heavily enriched with hog manure, or well-rotted dung from the lower portion of the heap in the barnyard. They should be planted about two inches below the surface of the ground, and the bed should receive a light covering of loose manure. Adopt this plan, and you will have hyacinths, tulips, snow-drops, &c., &c., that will dazzle the eye and charm the heart.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

STORING ROOT AND OTHER CROPS FOR WINTER.

Since the increased culture of the root crops, their modes of preservation have become important, as many crops bear higher prices later in the season than in December, while others, if badly stored, are rendered of comparatively little value. The strap-leaf, red-top, and other kinds of white turnips, are among those requiring the greatest care, for if stored in too large bulk, without proper ventilation, they become pithy in a short time. Many methods are appealed to, but the one which we have found successful, is to place a ridge of turnips on the surface of the ground, three feet wide at the base, of any required length, and forming a point at the top like a letter A. This should be covered with soil dug from the sides, so as to leave a flat fourteen inches wider than the heap, and surrounding it, thus leaving a ditch around the pile to prevent the admission of moisture to the base on which the turnips are placed. The first covering should not be more than four inches in thickness. On top of the heap, at distances not greater than five feet, tufts of straw should be placed, which will leave holes for ventilation, suffering the escaping moisture to pass off during the sweating of the turnips. When the weather becomes more severe, more dirt may be put on, until the whole thickness is twelve inches, which will prove entirely sufficient for the severest weather. If the turnips are slightly sweated in this heap before being covered, and are permitted to dry off before covering, they will keep sound until required for use. The end of the heap may be opened, and this should have a southern or southwestern exposure. As the turnips are removed, exposed portions should be covered with straw. Carrots, beets, and ruta bagas may all be preserved in this manner.

In soils that are very dry and sandy, and thoroughly under-drained, pits may be dug so as to place the roots below the surface of the ground. They may also be kept in cellars covered with dry sand and properly ventilated. Carrots should be compactly stowed, with a small amount of earth between them. Where roots can be placed under sheds, a covering of dry charcoal dust will be found sufficient for their preservation, although the side of the shed may be opened to the weather.

To preserve apples, they should be placed in heaps, and covered with plank or straw, to induce sweating; this covering should then be removed, and the air suffered to pass freely among them. They will lose eight per cent. of their weight, without shrinking in size. In about six weeks the second sweating will occur; and if the atmosphere should then not be as low as the freezing point, the second drying will prepare them for being kept in safety by any of the ordinary methods. Indeed, if shipped immediately after sweating, provided the apples be not bruised, they will keep for a voyage of five weeks, and on the sixth week the sweating will again commence, and if not properly sorted, decay will rapidly follow. The object should be to keep them as near the freezing point as possible, but always above it. Delicately flavored apples should never come in contact directly with the soil, for if it contains much clay or carbon, it will abstract the aroma of the apple, and render it comparatively flavorless; indeed, it will often impart a ground-like smell and taste to fruits. The root crops are not so injured.

Parsnips may be preserved in the manner named for turnips; but it is only necessary for the purpose of keeping them clean and free from rains, as freezing does not injure this root; indeed, they are not fit for use until they have been frozen. Market gardeners usually leave part of their parsnips in the ground for their early spring sales, and those that have been thus exposed all winter, are sweeter and better than those dug in the fall. The property of the soil for extracting odors is so great, that a fishy duck buried in it over night, may be cooked next day, and will be found to be free from this objectionable flavor. Dry codfish is often ameliorated in flavor by such treatment. Indeed, the clothes of those who have died of the plague may be worn by others, without the fear of communicating disease, after they have been buried in the soil a few hours.—*Working Farmer.*

How Deep Should Manure be Buried?—We have now a heavy field of corn of eight acres. It was planted late in May. All the manure was from the winter heaps, made by horned cattle and a horse, and a small quantity from a cow-yard. This manure was carted out in the spring, and all of it spread over the field on the green sward furrows that were turned last fall and last May. No time was found to bury this manure otherwise than with a harrow—20 oxcart loads were put on each acre—and though the weather was rather dry till the middle of July, the corn is the heaviest that we have had for many years.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

The Hop.—Hopping is said to be a very healthy operation. Many have had a complete restoration of health by it. Though the taste be bitter, the perfume is delicious. It is quite an attraction, and gives one an idea of the manner in which insects are drawn to their own peculiar diet or comfort by the sense of smell. Unfortunately it is only to be richly perceived in the direction of the wind, and after a few sniffs it ceases to be perceived at all. But German homœopathists, who are very sensitive creatures, and particularly fearful of all sorts of smells, are awfully afraid of a hop-kiln. We remember a case of a young lady, who was under German homœopathic treatment, telling her physician that she had been a hopping, and she began to expatiate on the deliciousness of the perfume. But he screamed with horror. "Horreeble! horreeble! most horreeble! You could not have done anything worse! You have spoiled the effect of all my medicine. I shall just have to begin again! Did I not tell you to keep free of smells?" "I don't call it a smell. I call it a perfume," retorted the lady. "Vell, it is de same ding," said the doctor. He published a pamphlet on the cure of toothache by smell.

The Obedient Horse.—Cooke's circus lately visited Aberdare. One morning, as the grooms took the horses to the river to wash them, a young man offered to ride one of them. The offer was accepted, and the animal which he might take being pointed out to him, he speedily plunged into the middle of the river, skillfully managing to keep his legs from getting wet. After taking three or four turns through the pool, one of the men told him he might now bring the animal out, to do which he struck it slightly with his whip across the head. During its performance in the circus, a touch of the whip at this part is a signal for the horse to lie down, and it accordingly obeyed the mandate in the bed of the river.

☞ Mrs. Dawdle says that one of her boys don't know nothing, and the other does. The question is: "Which is ahead?"

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 175 letters.

My 85, 124, 142, 142, 135, 130, 64, 105, 111, 130, 145, 963, 53, 156, 72, was a brave Roman general.

My 20, 52, 3, 76, 142, 77, 72, 61, 102, 27, 151, were priests of Cybele.

My 48, 87, 4, 60, 153, 129, 8, 9, 152, 137, 114, was a title of Bacchus.

My 75, 143, 39, 107, 91, 171, 161, 41, 166, 13, 115, was a noted constable of France.

My 110, 50, 47, 61, 20, 172, 23, 91, 142, 157, 113, was a most consummate Roman general and dictator.

My 125, 118, 98, 110, 72, 19, 11, 46, 22, 1, is a favorite American poetess.

My 5, 2, 80, 101, 34, 160, 33, 142, 142, was an eminent English painter.

My 90, 91, 117, 119, 68, 142, 87, 106, 12, was the son of Lucifer.

My 170, 62, 40, 80, 142, 76, 1, 50, 15, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

My 38, 142, 98, 7, 11, 141, 37, 12, was a prime minister to the King of Spain during the 7th century.

My 140, 128, 43, 68, 69, 172, 140, 28, was a son of Æneas and Aurora, who passionately loved the goddess Flora, and is put for the west wind.

My 30, 118, 157, 82, 159, 80, 75, was a noted American divine.

My 136, 142, 150, 123, 114, 98, 130, was King of Ithaca, and one of the wisest among the Greeks.

My 160, 78, 61, 62, 129, 108, 101, was the god of harrowing.

My 55, 92, 69, 36, 96, 162, was a major-general in the American army during the Revolution.

My 70, 170, 109, 74, 175, 153, is a celebrated American poetess.

My 134, 158, 142, 128, 132, 151, was an eminent Pennsylvania mechanic and civil engineer.

My 80, 54, 88, 96, 130, was a celebrated English dramatic writer.

My 95, 71, 93, 120, 44, was a general in the service of the United States.

My 139, 78, 120, 165, 39, was a noble Thessalian naval commander.

My 153, 128, 38, 142, is a noted American poetess.

My 150, 24, 87, 72, was a distinguished lawyer of Boston.

My 99, 150, 142, 142, 7, 19, is an interesting American poetess.

My 100, 140, 12, 60, 43, 11, is a well-known American poetess.

My 95, 142, 142, 139, 169, 66, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

My 165, 6, 115, 148, 13, 42, 25, was an amiable English poet.

My 145, 134, 16, 97, 94, 135, 123, was a name of Bacchus.

My 120, 23, 40, 93, 17, 149, 8, was a brave Indian warrior.

My 18, 83, 128, 9, 108, 142, 72, is a distinguished American poetess.

My 115, 42, 69, 90, 97, 142, 152, 122, was the twin brother of Hercules.

My 131, 101, 105, 109, 115, 111, 103, 119, 11, was a brave English navigator.

My 103, 74, 37, 108, 144, 121, 32, 110, 119, was an excellent Flemish painter.

My 19, 142, 142, 114, 58, 132, 32, 1, 29, was ambassador to France in 1709.

My 31, 3, 2, 101, 76, 31, 103, 127, 55, 1, was a Polish experimental philosopher.

My 95, 154, 158, 79, 37, 127, 133, 122, 112, 104, was an English mathematician, who was blind from childhood.

My 110, 101, 147, 9, 115, 21, 150, 90, 58, 3, 25, was a noted Theban warrior.

My 60, 98, 105, 80, 118, 111, 119, 90, 17, 115, 163, was a goddess of mothers.

My 40, 157, 81, 160, 122, 29, 59, 35, 84, 34, 130, was a celebrated Grecian orator.

My 130, 3, 142, 69, 8, 48, 17, 11, 32, 80, 73, 14, was an eminent Italian painter.

My whole is an extract from one of President Madison's messages, containing the whole of the famous Doctrine, which has caused so much talk and speculation.

GAIMEW.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 9, 2, 4, 15, is an American poetess.
My 12, 3, 7, 10, 16, is an American poetess.
My 14, 17, 4, is an American poetess.
My 6, 12, 12, 15, 6, 19, is an American poetess.
My 10, 13, 18, 11, 5, 12, is an American poetess.
My 19, 11, 5, 16, 11, 7, 13, is an American poetess.
My 1, 2, 4, is an American poetess.
My 16, 10, 17, 8, is an American poetess.
My 12, 3, 17, 4, is an American poetess.
My 7, 2, 9, 10, 12, is an American poetess.
My 18, 10, 7, is an American poetess.
My whole is an American poetess.

CINXOS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a part of the human frame,
For not using me we're much to blame;
My second's a metal, yet some in their face,
Are said to carry it with a very bad grace.

My third is a letter you've learned, I trow;
My whole you've guessed. I think, are now,
Need I tell what history so plainly relates,
My whole belongs to the United States.

Wheeling. XELA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Pronounce my first three and you have a male of a species of wild animals.
My next three is the first half of a woman's name reads the same backward as forward.
My next two, which are the last, is an indefinite article.
My whole is a name frequently spoken of.

Flower-dale, Iowa. J. S. FLOR.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first affords refreshment
To all the sons of earth,
An awkward looking creature,
And seemingly not worth.

My second is a little word
Which standeth for a lesser,
These joined together will present
A poet to the guesser.

New York. NELA.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A person has £100 of money, which he wishes to lay out for 100 head of oxen, sheep and geese. He pays £10 for every ox; £3 for every sheep, and 1 for every goose. Now, how many of each kind can he buy?

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ Why is one who has murdered a certain measure? Ans.—Because he's killed a kin. (kin.)

☞ When is a lady's saddle like Pythagoras? When it has a (dame on.) Damon.

☞ Why is the greater number of those who invest their money in real estate unlike Banquo's ghost? Ans.—Because they have speculation in their eyes.

☞ Which letter of the alphabet if unwell would make a farmer's tool? Ans.—A (sick l.) Sickle.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Caius Martius Coriolanus. BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Mary Andrews Denison. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The retreat of the ten thousand Greeks. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Little pitchers have long ears. CHARADE.—Franklin (Frank-Lynn.) CHARADE.—Ringgold. CHARADE.—Honest. GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.—12, 16 and 20. SCRIPTURAL ANAGRAMS.—1. Naphtali. 2. Elphalet. 3. Shemitic moth. 4. Gaddiel. 5. Mattithiah. 6. Dathan. 7. Abimelech. 8. Shelomith. 9. Issachar. 10. Shimite. 11. Hosea. 12. Ishpan.

A Child's Compromise.—A clergyman who had been staying for some time at the house of a friend of ours, on going away called to him little Eddy, the four-year-old son of the host, asked what he should give him for a present. Eddy, who had great respect for the "cloth," thought it was his duty to suggest something of a religious nature; so he answered hesitatingly, "I—I—I—*think* I should like a Testament, I *know* I should like a *squirt-gun!*"

☞ It is with ideas as with pieces of money—those of the least value generally circulate most.